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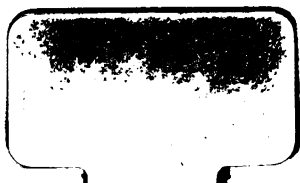
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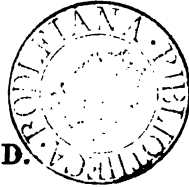
Wreath of Wild Flowers

FROM

NEW ENGLAND.

BY

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.



"OH! BREATHE ON IT SOFTLY! IT DIES IN AN HOUR!"

BYRON.

LONDON:

EDWARD CHURTON, 26, HOLLES STREET,
CAVENDISH SQUARE.

1838.

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TO
THE REV. HOBART CAUNTER, B.D.

INCUMBENT MINISTER OF ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL,
MARY-LE-BONE,

THE FOLLOWING PAGES
Are gratefully inscribed,

BY HIS OBLIGED FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E.

TO MY BOOK.

FAREWELL ! my fragile, flower-filled book !

I fling thee on the stream of Time,
With faltering hand and fearful soul,—
As in the Orient's sunny clime,
The maiden trims her fragrant lamp,
A tiny, faint, but Love-fed spark,
And trembling gives to doubtful waves,
Illumed and wreathed, her fairy bark.

My simple flowers ! a heaven of Love
Was o'er ye when ye budded first,
And Love pronounced the blossoms fair,
His own fond smiles and tears had nursed.

Alas ! the garland's light will die
Beneath a colder critic's eye !
His soft wings fanned ye into bloom ;
How will ye bear a ruder breath ?
Ah ! wintry-wind and tempest-gloom
Will chill your light leaves unto death !

Farewell, my bark ! yet once again,
I would my wish might guide thee still,
To clear the pirate-critic's den,
Who'd blight thy tender freight at will.
The syren, Fame, in vain should sing,
Thou'dst shun Distinction's lofty sea,
And only pause at friendly ports,
Where partial eyes will look for thee.
There Love, turned pilot for thy sake,
Thy humble helm would proudly take ;
And anchor thee secure from storm,
In some true heart, with welcome, warm.

Yet vain the hope—the fear—perchance ;
For many a vessel bold and brave,
With richer freight and fairer sail,
And prow that prouder cuts the wave,

Is on the stream ; and 'mid them all,—
 The strong, the lofty, swift and free,
 With current coin for merchandize,—
 Who Love's light gondola will see ?
 Or, if beheld,—the critic stern
 May scorn, for prize of richer cost,
 The smaller craft ;—how soon wilt thou
 In cold oblivion's wave be lost !

Yet fare thee well !—It was not Pride,
 That sheeted home thy fluttering sails,
 That launched thee on th' o'erburdened tide,
 And gave thy prow to wayward gales :
 A wreath of wild flowers all thy freight !—
 The tide at ebb !—a scanty crew !—
 The wind against thee !—ah ! too late,
 This daring venture I may rue !
 It was not Pride,—but what it was,
 That Pride itself forbids I tell ;
 Fate ! with the plaything work thy will,
 'Tis thine !—my simple book, farewell !

****.* Several of the following Poems have appeared
in various Annuals & Magazines, both in this Country
and in America.***

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ELFRIDA.

A DRAMATIC POEM, IN FIVE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EDGAR, *King of England.*

EARL ATHELWOLD, *favourite of the King.*

DUNSTAN, *Lord Bishop of London.*

GUIDO, *a young Italian orphan, left to Edgar's care.*

OSWALD, *a courtier.*

MANBERT, *a slave.*

ELFRIDA, *wife to Athelwold.*

ADELMINE, *a young orphan of noble birth, cousin to
Elfrida.*

GILLIAN, *a slave, tire-woman to Elfrida.*

ELFRIDA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in Edgar's Palace.

Enter Edgar and Oswald.

EDGAR.

Thou'rt well assured of this ?

OSWALD.

My gracious Liege !

It is a common theme among them still,
Her matchless wealth of beauty beggars all
Our courtly dames can boast,—her queenly form,
Her majesty of mien, would grace a throne !
I saw her on her bridal-day, my Liege,
In all the pomp and splendour of her charms ;

So regal in her loveliness—so proud !
Her brown and braided hair was lighted up
With flashing gems, as is the night with stars ;
Her cheek at first might seem a thought too pale ;
Her dark, rich eyes, too wild and strangely sad ;
But, at a whisper from her young kinswoman,
Lo ! to that cheek a gleam of rosy fire,
Like summer lightning, came, and to her eye
A smile, that mocked the diamond on her brow.
Her bosom heaved beneath its gorgeous vest
Of broidered silk ; then with impatient air
She bit her lip—her arched and glowing lip—
And straight grew calm again, as still, and pale,
And mute as sculptured marble.

EDGAR.

Now, by the light of heaven !
What, ho ! without there !

(Enter Page.)

Summon Earl Athelwold to our presence, boy !

[Exit Page.]

By heaven, and earth, and hell, if this be true,
The traitor's life shall answer it !

OSWALD.

Is it your Grace's will that I retire ?

EDGAR.

Leave me, good Oswald !

*[Exit Oswald, enter Athelwold,
at opposite doors.]*

ATHELWOLD.

How fares my loving master ?

EDGAR.

Why, bravely, Athelwold ! 'tis long, till now,
Since mirth and Edgar met with right good-will :
To-day we're boon companions ; and to shew
Our trusty servant, our most loyal, true
And faithful friend, how loftily he stands
In loving estimation with his Liege,
Thou shalt be one of us ;—to-night we'll sup
Together at your castle.—Ha ! dost start ?
Tremble ? turn pale ? said I not well, sir Earl ?
Must sovereigns sue for welcome ?—by my sword,
The veriest churl in England had not met
Our royal favour with less courteous grace.

ATHELWOLD.

Your pardon, dear my Liege, I did but turn
Within my mind how best to meet the honour
With such poor welcome as my house affords.

EDGAR.

Go to!—you dwell not in a peasant's cot;
An English Earl lacks not the wherewithal
To greet his Sovereign nobly;—look you do it.
What, sullen still? by heaven, the churl is jealous,
And fears his lady-love should meet mine eye!
Thou dost forget, most loyal Athelwold,
That she is homely, lean, of gait uncouth,
Of peasant mien and mind;—such were thy words,
When to our royal couch we thought to woo
The maid;—'twas but the gleaming of her gold,
Thou know'st, that won thee, faithful servant mine;
Then fear not thou!—the eye a star must be,
The cheek a rose, that lures a look from Edgar.
Away! we'll follow with our train anon.
Farewell, 'till supper-time, most upright Earl.

[Exit Edgar.]

ATHELWOLD.

Now would I give mine earldom but to know
Whose friendly deed is this. That I'm betrayed.
His searching eye, where latent scorn and rage
Lay coiled like some bright serpent ere it spring,
Did plainly shew,—albeit his words were soft,
And round his lips played pleasant blandishment.
Oh! fair Elfrida! thou hast cost me dear,
And were it not that danger's self is sweet
When brav'd for thee, I could have curs'd these eyes
That saw thee beautiful, and this fond heart
That felt thee pure, and therefore worshipped thee!
He were a soulless fool, below thy worth,
Who could behold thy charms, and not adore.
And glorying in thy beauty as I did
And do, could I have brooked to know thee, sweet,
The sport of his capricious passion—proud,
Voluptuous Edgar—who would turn from thee
As the wild zephyr from the queenly rose
Itself had rifled, should another flower
So pure and blooming win his wanton eye.
There's but one way to save her,—I will own
Even at her feet, the truth, and bid her hide,
As best she may, that dangerous loveliness

Beneath uncouth array and awkward mien.
Her soul looks down upon her sex's weakness,
Light vanity, else should I fear its voice
Might triumph in the trial-hour, and drown
The holy pleadings of pure love and honour..
Now, lady, to the test!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Street, near the Palace.

Oswald walking to and fro in a reverie.

OSWALD.

Revenge is sure!—

I have so wrought upon his fiery heart
He'll never rest till he has found Elfrida;
What follows? he will win her to his will,
And I shall see those dark, imperial eyes,
That flashed their scorn like lightning on mine own,
When at her feet I sighed my passion forth,—
Gods! I shall see them bent to the earth in shame

Beneath my gaze of triumph ; and her lip—
Curled with but half-suppressed derision then—
Shall quiver with remorseful agony,
Ere I my vow of vengeance cancel ! Lady !
Thou'st crushed a serpent that hath still a sting !

(Enter Athelwold.)

Ah ! Athelwold ! my noble friend ! how fare you ?

ATHELWOLD.

Oswald ! well met ! Thou'rt just the man I want ;
I've heard thee lavish of unlovely names
Full oft on scoundrels ;—help me now to pour
My just abuse upon the veriest slave,
The vilest, meanest, most malignant rascal—

OSWALD.

Whom can you mean, my Lord ?

ATHELWOLD.

In sooth, I know not ;—some poor pitiful fellow
Who's robbed me of my favour with the King,
And dares not shew himself. Knew I his name,

I'd brand him first as coward through the realm,
Then to the earth his low-born carcass trample!
Now I think on't, I caught a glimpse of some one
Leaving the presence-chamber as I entered.
I did not see his face—his form I glanced at;
It had a cringing air—Think you 'twas he?

OSWALD.

In truth, my Lord,—

ATHELWOLD.

But, Oswald, answer me!
Was't not a venomous wretch?

OSWALD.

My Lord, in truth—

ATHELWOLD.

In truth, my Lord—my Lord, in truth—why so
I am—in truth, a Lord—my courteous friend!
But what has tam'd thee thus? for God's sake, rave!
Be furious! storm! as thou art wont when I
See fit to give the reins unto my passion,—
Was't not an odious knave?

OSWALD.

I—good my Lord—

ATHELWOLD.

Why, Oswald, what's the matter?
Art thou in love? has some bewitching dame
Thy service slighted, or thy rival crowned
With love's own rosy garland?

OSWALD (*aside*.)

'Sdeath! doth he mock me?

ATHELWOLD.

Yet, gentle Oswald! if you love me, spare
This knave of mine one round of rich invective,
To comfort me, for I am sick at heart;—
Was't not a white-heart craven?

OSWALD.

Yes! hell and fury! death! damnation!—I

ATHELWOLD.

Why, this is stirring! this is as it should be!
On, on, good Oswald! spare not hell nor fury,

Be prodigal of death, and heap damnation
On the poor wretch's head! Why! were he thine,
Thy foe, thou couldst not curse him with more
relish!

I thank thee, Oswald! thou hast cool'd my temper!
Farewell, my friend; but prithee do not let
My going stay thy torrent of abuse
Against this caitiff-butt of ours—ha! ha!
How he would tremble could he hear us rage!
He'd never dare to own it—would he, Oswald?
Ha! ha! ha! ha! poor fellow! Fare thee well!
[*Exit.*]

OSWALD.

“Slave!” “coward!” “rascal!” “pitiful fellow!”
“knave!”

“Poor white-heart craven!” “sneaking, venomous
wretch!”

“This caitiff-butt of ours!”—well! well! I've
borne it,

And must, perchance, again; and watch, mean-
while,

This wild volcano raging in my breast,
Lest one light spark betray me. God of heaven

What have I not endured this last half-hour!
I could have dashed my torturer to the earth,
With right good-will! but each fresh taunt of his,
Though traced in burning letters on my brain,
Made the appropriation harder still.
And have I lived to bear these insults calmly?
Ay! 'tis the meed of treachery like mine.
I was his confidant—I have betrayed him,
And do deserve his scorn—but not the less
Will I pursue my purpose to its end.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Chamber in Athelwold's Castle.

*Elfrida discovered, in a rich undress, reclining on
a couch of carved oak.*

ELFRIDA.

Perchance he thinks to find me ever thus
Greeting him from the revel with a smile
Of meek endurance! Why, even now he bends
In courtly reverence to some mincing dame,
Haply the star of Edgar's festival;
While I, with this high heart and queenly form,
Pine in neglect and solitude;—shall it be?
Shall I not rend my fetters, and be free?
Ay! be the cooing turtle-dove, content,
Safe in her own loved nest!—the eagle soars

On restless plumes to meet the imperial sun !
And Edgar is my day-star, in whose light
This heart's proud wings shall yet be furled to rest !
Why wedded I with Athelwold ? for this ?
To pace, day after day, the same dull round,
With some half-dozen maidens for my train ?
No ! even at the altar when I stood—
My hand in his—his gaze upon my cheek—
I did forget his presence, and the scene !
A gorgeous vision rose before mine eyes,
Of power, and pomp, and regal pageantry ;
A king was at my feet, and as he knelt
I smiled ; and turning, met—a husband's kiss !
But still I smiled, for in my guilty soul
I blessed him as the being by whose means
I should be brought within my idol's sphere—
My haughty, glorious, brave, impassioned Edgar !
Well I remember when these wondering eyes
Beheld him first—I was a maiden then—
A dreaming child—but from that thrilling hour
I've been a queen in visions ! Yet he passed
With his proud train, unheeding—ha ! that step !
What if my loving lord were listener now !
He comes !—oh ! noble Edgar !

Enter Athelwold.

ELFRIDA.

My Lord! my love!

Thou'rt here in haste; hath aught
Of evil chanced thee?

ATHELWOLD.

Dost thou love me, wife?

ELFRIDA.

With a love so deep,
Thou canst not fathom it.

ATHELWOLD.

Speak it once more, mine own!

ELFRIDA.

Who doubts Elfrida? am I not thy wife—
Thy true and loving wife—who never yet
In thought, or word, or deed, dishonoured thee?
Nay, Athelwold! thou dost me grievous wrong,
Thou dost, indeed. I to be doubted thus!
Go to!—it vexes me!

ATHELWOLD.

Nay! dry those tears!

I meant not thus to wound! I will not doubt—
Thy pardon, love! And now—

ELFRIDA.

And now—since I have pardoned thee—thou’lt
grant—
I know thou wilt—one trifling boon.

ATHELWOLD.

Name it;—but quick, Elfrida!

ELFRIDA.

Take me to court, my gracious husband!

ATHELWOLD (*aside.*)

Ha!

Wend her light fancies thither?—then farewell
To Athelwold’s fond dream of peace!—but no!
She will not yield so lightly to temptation.

(*Aloud.*)

Beseech thee, sweet, forget these idle dreams!
I’ve that to speak, of import deep and grave,

Will ask thy calmest mood, thy gentlest thoughts.
By all my trust, my passion, and my truth;
By thine own purity; thy stainless name—
Dearer to me than is the light of heaven,—
I do conjure thee listen tenderly—
With your heart listen, for your husband speaks.
The King—

ELFRIDA.

What of the King?—(*Aside.*) My heart indeed
will listen!

ATHELWOLD.

So eager, lady?

ELFRIDA.

Nay! I did but ask—

ATHELWOLD.

It matters not!—thou know'st that some months
back,
In Devon's bowers, I sought the famed Elfrida;
I came—

ELFRIDA.

With Edgar's gracious leave to wed.

ATHELWOLD.

No, love! with Edgar's gracious leave to look
On her whom but to look upon was bliss!
Not for myself I gazed, but for the King,
Yet lost myself in gazing, and forgot
My trust, my fealty, honour, Edgar—all—
Ay, all save thee Oh! pardon, that I proved
A traitor to thy beauty! I returned,
With coward falsehood sullyng my lip,
Till then a stranger there.—Nay! chide me not,
It was for thy dear sake, my fairest love.
I bade him blot thee from his memory,
As one unworthy of his kingly thoughts;
Ungraced of nature's gifts, unlovely, rude.
The credulous King believed, and for a time
The theme was dropped; but in my miser soul
Thy image lived unaltered, and again.
I sought his presence, with a perjured tongue.
I said, Elfrida's wealth had magic in't,
To make her beauteous in mine humble eyes;
Then won I from his royal lips a boon

That makes me more a monarch than himself,
Lord of thy love and beauty.

ELFRIDA.

False—forsworn !

ATHELWOLD.

How now !

ELFRIDA.

'Twas jest, my gentle Lord.

ATHELWOLD.

A most untimely one ;—but hear me still.
To-night the King comes hither with his train—
Look not so wild, he shall not harm thee, love !
I'll dim my jewel, lest he covet it ;
Thou shalt disguise thy beauty in some garb
Of coarse material and fashion rude,
That least becomes thee ; put some rough restraint
Upon thy gentle stateliness and grace ;
Shrink from his gaze, as if in shame-faced fear.
Alas ! can aught obscure the fire of soul
That flashes from thine eyes ? beseech thee weep

Until thou dim its glory.—Oh! Elfrida,
Would thou wert not so beautiful!—but haste—
Thou'lt do it, sweet?

ELFRIDA.

And dost thou doubt me still?

ATHELWOLD.

Thou art but woman.

ELFRIDA.

Yet a loving one.

I'll straightway don such weeds as even thou
Wilt own would mar a fairer face than mine.

ATHELWOLD.

Earth hath no fairer—Heaven no lovelier knows.
Adieu! We meet at supper-time,—till then—
Remember wife—honour and Athelwold!

[Exit Athelwold.]

ELFRIDA.

Love, glory, and the King! by all the gods,
A noble chance! and I will husband it
As doth become my breeding and my birth,
What, ho! sir Page!

(Enter Page.)

Bid Gillian hither!

As doth become my breeding.—I remember,
When but a thoughtless child, my sire did part
The wild curls from my brow, and call me queen—
His fairy queen; and when I gaily tossed
My ringlets back, and bounding on his knee,
Cried, with a look of mimic majesty,
This is my throne!—but who my subjects be!
He bade me keep that proud and glowing smile,

(Enter Gillian.)

And it should lure a sovereign to my feet.
And shall it not? by Edgar's self it shall!

(To Gillian.)

Why art thou here?

GILLIAN.

Your page did bid me, lady.

ELFRIDA.

I had forgot,—bring forth my richest robes,
My costliest ornaments,—be speedy, girl!

[Exit Gillian.]

(After a pause.)

In lowly weeds, forsooth ! the weeds I wear
Shall blind his recreant vision with their splendor,
Dazzle the King, and light me to the throne !

*(Re-enter Gillian, who stands waiting behind her
with dresses.)*

I robed in mean array ! I stoop and tremble !
I'll bear me like an Empress, tho' he die
For his fond treachery ! Caitiff ! but for him
My bridal-bed had been a royal one !
And shall be yet.

(To Gillian.)

So, Gillian, lay them there,
And tell me, girl, which in thy mind becomes
My features best.

GILLIAN.

Here is a rose-hued mantle wrought with pearls,
'Twill match full well my lady's glowing cheek.

ELFRIDA.

Nay, 'tis too bright,—
The rose upon my cheek is dim to-day,
And this will make it show more faintly still.
What next ?

GILLIAN.

An amber velvet, madam,
Adown its vest the sunny topaz gleams,
'Mid wreaths of flowers in golden broidery.
How fittingly its gorgeous folds would sweep
Around that stately form.

ELFRIDA.

Out on the topaz—'tis a beggar-stone!
A vassal's wife may wear it—and shall I?
I'll have the white robe, girl, the silken one,
Resplendent with the diamond's regal ray;
The diamond suits the queen, and is alone
Of all earth's jewel star-drops worth the wearing.
Bid them prepare the bath with perfume rare,
Then, with all haste unto my chamber, Gillian:
And look you, my tiar of gems and gold,
My silver mirror, and my jewelled zone—
I'll be a star to-night, and win all eyes
Unto my wondrous splendour—oh! this heart!

[Exit Elfrida.]

GILLIAN.

"The diamond suits the queen!" my lady mistress,
That haughty head of thine is turned I'm sure.

[Exit Gillian.]

SCENE II.

A Grove, near the Castle.

Enter Elfrida and Adelmine.

ELFRIDA.

Ha! ha! ha!

Thou wouldst have laughed as I do to have heard
him;

He bade me clip my glossy braids of hair,
Stoop in my gait, put on my lowliest garb,
My coldest look,—do all I could to mar
What he was pleased to call my loveliness.

ADELMINE.

And will you not, dear lady?

ELFRIDA.

Will I not?

Nay, most obedient Adelmine, would you?

ADELMINE.

Oh! ask me not, Elfrida; did mine eyes
Wear the soft glory of an angel's smile,
I'd shut them with a still and stern resolve,
Nor lift their lashes at a King's command;
Waved my rich tresses with the golden gleam
That lighted Eve's in paradise—I'd mar
Their soft luxuriance with unfaltering hand;
I'd spare as soon the serpent that would sting me,
Because its coils with changing splendour shone,
As let a ringlet's sunny lustre lure
My heart from rectitude, my love to shame;
Rivalled my roseate cheek the glowing dawn,
I'd find some dye would change it, till its hue
Were swart as Ethiop girl's; and should my smile
Awake some sportive dimple from its sleep,
To make that shadow lovely—like a star
Twinkling on night's dark cheek—I'd wear a look
Solemn as eastern sage; if peace and love
Reposed upon my pure mouth's glowing arch,
I'd bid repelling scorn usurp the throne;
A sculptor's model were my glorious form
For grace and queenly bearing as I moved,
I'd stoop, I'd limp, to spoil its loveliness,—

Nay, I would lame my limbs, deform my shape,
And glory in the sacrifice, if so
My husband were unperilled.

ELFRIDA.

And what would prompt thee to this strange
romance?

ADELMINE.

Love, holy love, Elfrida!

ELFRIDA.

What if love were not?

ADELMINE.

Do you not love your husband, gentle lady?

ELFRIDA.

Nay, that I spoke not of;—but is there aught
Save love would tempt thee to so dear a loss?

ADELMINE.

Ay, madam!—if affection's voice were mute,
Honor and woman's pride—they too have tongues,
Whose word is law with those who love themselves.

ELFRIDA.

Now, prithee, peace!

ADELMINE.

Oh! lady, say not so!

I will not pause—I'll bid thee think of all
The shame, the ruin, it may guard thee from.
Thou know'st the King's impassioned love of
beauty—

His lawless violence—his tyrant will;—
He'll wreak his wrath upon your noble husband,
The gentle, generous Athelwold,—whose peace,
Honour—nay, life perchance, are in thy keeping.
Elfrida! will you risk them all to please
A stranger's eye—to win the wanton gaze
Of reckless Edgar, whose least look, methinks,
Were insult to your loveliness?

ELFRIDA.

Fond girl!

Thou may'st well prate that hast no charms to hide.

(*Aside.*)

Now would I that were not a barefaced lie,
For well I dread she'll rival me to-night;

So young, so innocent, so beautiful !
But no ! I have it—'tis a simple task
To work her grateful spirit to my purpose.

(*Aloud.*)

Hear me, sweet Adelmine ! I did but jest ;
But wilt thou too a simple guise assume ?
Some rustic garb ?—It were not well, methinks ;—
'Twould seem too like a plot—attract too much
The curious and enquiring gaze, if thou
Wert robed in rich array, with gems and gold,
And I, the lady of the castle—I,
A noble's wife, more meanly, poorly clad.
If both are thus, 'twill win less observation,
And seem our common custom,—wilt thou so ?

ADELMINE.

Yes, dear Elfrida, robe me as thou wilt ;
I would do more to save the noble Earl
From danger ; he was kind to me, thou know'st,
When I was lone and sad ;—but how wilt thou
Make thyself aught but beautiful, Elfrida ?

ELFRIDA (*smiling.*)

I can but try.

ADELMINE.

And wilt thou do his bidding with thy hair?

ELFRIDA.

What! rashly rob myself of woman's pride—
Her dearest ornament?—that auburn hair
Which Athelwold a thousand times has praised?

ADELMINE.

Ay! fling the worthless tresses to the wind!
He'll bless thee for it; and believe me, lady,
The graceful deed will but adorn thee more
In his adoring eyes;—why! with this hand
I'll sever mine, if thou wilt, dearest cousin!

ELFRIDA.

Thine! what are thine? coarse stragglers!

ADELMINE.

Are they so?

Then would I they were lovely as the light,—
Each hair of them a thread of purest gold!
If seeming thus a dearer sacrifice,
It might ennoble in thine eyes my loss,
And win thee to thy duty!

ELFRIDA.

Duty, girl?

ADELMINE.

Ay! duty, noble lady!

ELFRIDA.

Thou art bold,
And dost forget, moreover, simple maid,
As he forgot, that slaves alone do go
With shaven head. How then may I appear
Without my wealth of hair? It does not need;
I'll fold it simply 'neath some awkward gear,—
See thou do so. And now, my dearest coz,
Hie to thy chamber. Keep thy kind resolve,
And meet me in the banquet-room. I'll send
A fitting dress to thee.

ADELMINE.

Good-bye, then, dear Elfrida;—
How I shall love thee in thy homely garb!

[Exit.

ELFRIDA.

She's gone! poor child!
Poor, fond, confiding child! She'll prove a foil,

Garbed like a rustic, in her rude attire,
To proud Elfrida's majesty !

Heigh ho !

I would this royal banquet were well over !
My heart, that should beat high with hope, is cold,
And still, and dark, and passionless !—heigh ho !
With hope—what hope ? a most unholy ! Ay,
Strive as I may to hide its shadowy form,
Into the hateful light it will steal forth ;
For conscience is a mirror true and clear
As heaven itself, and in it lives a spell,
Divine, perchance, by whose resistless power
All thoughts, deeds, wishes, passions, good or ill,
Are won to view themselves reflected fairly ;—
Even so the voice of music doth beguile
And awe the gliding serpent with its charm.
Yes ! hide it as I may, that guilty hope
Doth stand before that magic mirror now,
All undisguised in native hideousness !
It looks a demon there—so dark, so wild,
So merciless ! Its smile is fierce, yet cold ;

(*Enter Gillian.*)

Its brow hath blood upon it !—ha !

GILLIAN (*aside.*)

“ Its brow hath blood upon it ! ”—she is mad !

(*Aloud.*)

My lady ! here’s the chain.

ELFRIDA.

The chain that is to link me to my fate !

Give it me, girl, and leave me.

[*Exit Gillian.*]

’Twas his first gift !—I do remember well
How tenderly he clasped it round my throat,
And bade me when I wore it, think of him !
To-night I’ll wear it. ’Tis a gorgeous toy,—
Will it not choke me ? let it. Athelwold !—
What, tears ? Elfrida weeping—and for him !
Has he not wronged Elfrida ? played her false ?
Dethroned her ?—for in Edgar’s heart I dwelt
A crowned queen, until his perjured tongue
Did so belie me I was banished thence.
Why ! ’twas undoubted treason !—he did owe
As true allegiance to me there, as if
On England’s throne I sat ; and shall I weep,
I that was born to be his Sovereign ?—no !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

*A large Banquetting Hall in Athelwold's Castle.
Supper-table seen in the distance, at the upper
end. Slaves bearing dishes on their heads.*

*In front, King Edgar—Athelwold—Oswald—
Guido, and other Nobles—Attendants, &c.*

EDGAR (*to Athelwold.*)

Methinks, my Lord, this dainty dame of thine
Doth slight our noble presence. Doth she look
To see us in her chamber, good my Lord?
Waits she the royal hand to lead her forth?
Beware, sir Earl! If thou art—Ha! she comes!
By heaven, a noble creature!

*Enter Elfrida, dressed with great splendour,
attended by her maidens; and at the opposite door,
Adelmine, in a peasant's dress.*

ATHELWOLD.

Woman!

ADELMINE.

Elfrida !

ELFRIDA

(Crossing the stage, kneels at the King's feet.)

My gracious Sovereign !

EDGAR *(raising her.)*

Rise, most noble lady !

Here is thy station, at thy Sovereign's side,
Let traitors kneel to him ! And now permit
That we remove this most disloyal veil,
Which like a careful subject whom we wot of,
Would hide thy dangerous beauty from our eyes.

(Puts back her veil.)

What ! Athelwold ! we prithee where's thy wife ?—
Thy thin, pale, homely, haggard, awkward wife ?
This is some captive queen, whom thou hast stolen,
And we should claim her as our kingly right ;—
Nay, by the mass, we'll seal our title too.

*(Kisses her.)*ATHELWOLD *(aside.)*

Death ! will she suffer it ?

EDGAR.

Thou hast a regal eye for beauty, sir ;—
But, gentle Earl, we prithee where's thy wife ?

ATHELWOLD.

I have no wife !

My sometime wife is dead—
Dead to her Lord ! I had a wife, my Liege,—
A generous, lovely wife—a leal, and pure ;
I did belie her when I called her else !
She never looked unlovely until now,—
Yet now she doth but keep her faith with me,
For she did promise, with an angel-smile,
She'd so transform herself, that she should seem
Deform'd in these fond eyes—she's kept her faith !

EDGAR.

What ! kept her faith ! if she did promise this,
In very sooth those beauteous lips are perjured,
For look ! the diamond-glory of her eyes !
Those silken braids ! that pure and cloudless brow !
The changing beauty of her dimpled cheek !
The graceful curving of her swan-white throat !
Each airy motion—every glance and smile—

Are all resistless witnesses against her,
And prove her still an angel!

Thou art blind!

By the blest rood, if she had kept her faith,
We would have cursed her sacrilegious hand,
That dared profane so heavenly fair a temple—
The shrine of beauty and of love—at which
Our knee—even ours—shall not disdain to bend,
Albeit unused in yielding.

Athelwold!

Thou art a double traitor!—thou hast robbed
Thy liege Lord of this smiling paradise,
And hast defamed her loveliness, that thou
Might'st revel safely in her Eden-bloom.

ATHELWOLD (*rushing forward, and throwing
himself at the King's feet.*)

King! strike thy sword into this breaking heart,
'Twill find one victim there will woo the wound!

EDGAR.

And what is that?—Remorse?

ATHELWOLD.

Despair!

EDGAR.

No more of this !
The banquet waits our presence—on, my Lords !
Thy hand, sweet lady of our revels !—so—

*(The King passes up the Hall, with Elfrida,
followed by Nobles, Attendants, &c.—to the
rude Music of various warlike instruments,
heard from without. As they seat themselves
at the table, the Music ceases.)*

SCENE IV.

Another Room in the same.

Enter Manbert, with a Minstrel.

MANBERT.

Tarry thou here, good Minstrel. Fear not thou
But I will make thee sharer in the feast.
Music is ever welcome to my Lord.

I think,

'Tis that his heart is never out of tune !
My lady's is a trifle higher toned,
And some rude hand, or I am much deceived,
Hath strained a string too sharply, till it cracked.
Of this I'm sure,—it does not chord with his !—
But stay thou here ; I'll be with thee anon.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Gillian, without perceiving the Minstrel ;
crosses the stage with affected dignity, in imitation
of Elfrida.*

GILLIAN.

“ And it shall lure a sovereign to my feet !”

MINSTREL (*following her.*)

A wandering bard, so please you.

GILLIAN (*still not seeing him.*)

“ Caitiff ! but for him

My bridal-bed had been a royal one !”

MINSTREL.

Wilt list the gleeman's lay ?

GILLIAN.

“ Out on the topaz—’tis a beggar-stone,
The diamond fits the queen !”

MINSTREL.

No jewels I,—but I have many a song
To charm thine ear withal.

GILLIAN.

“ Dazzle the King, and light me to the throne !”

MINSTREL (*starting back.*)

Nay ! that is rather too much
To ask of a poor minstrel !

but my harp—

GILLIAN (*turns and sees him.*)

“ Its brow hath blood upon it”—

Ha !

MINSTREL (*in alarm.*)

Blood ! Where ?

GILLIAN.

And who art thou ?

MINSTREL.

Why! I've been telling you the last half hour.
I am a wandering bard, most mighty madam.

GILLIAN.

Madam! I'm not a madam.

MINSTREL.

My gracious queen that is to be.

GILLIAN.

How dar'st thou queen me thus?

MINSTREL.

I queen'd thee not—it was thyself that queen'd thee

GILLIAN.

Thou'rt mad, poor minstrel!

All the world I think

Is mad to-night.—My mistress is, I'm sure.

(*Re-enter Manbert.*)

MANBERT.

And so's my master!

He says he's not i' the mood for melody.

GILLIAN.

But, gentle bard, whence come you?

MINSTREL.

From Scotland, from the generous Kenneth's court.

GILLIAN.

Kenneth of Scotland! ay! a noble King!
They say, when, with the other dozen of them,
He helped to row our Monarch up the Dee,
He looked a very tempest, and his brow
Wore haughtier sovereignty even then than Edgar's

MINSTREL.

He help to row your Monarch up the Dee!
A goodly tale, forsooth.—I tell thee, girl,
He would have perished first. Had he been there,
Your Edgar knew too well his kingly heart
To bid him do it.

MANBERT.

Hush! Know'st thou not our King doth vaunt his
triumph!
And should he hear.—

MINSTREL.

His triumph! 'twas a mean one at the best,
And never harp of mine its praise should ring.

Enter a Servant.

SERVANT.

The King
Desires the minstrel's presence at the banquet.
This way, good harper!
(*Exeunt Harper and Servant.*)

MANBERT.

Gillian, my lord is strangely stern to-night.

GILLIAN.

Manbert, my lady's stranger than my lord.

MANBERT.

I like it not.

GILLIAN.

Nor I—good faith! I'm weary of her whims.
Why, at her toilet, ere the King arrived,
Nothing would suit her—not a plait could I
Fold to her liking—not a jewelled clasp

Was where it should be—not a tress would fall
As she would have it—even the pure white robe
With silver flowers in-wrought and star-like
diamonds,

In which she looked majestic as a swan,
And blooming as a rose,—was tawdry ;—mean,
Of shape uncouth.—I had no patience with her.

MANBERT.

Nor I with thee ;—thy thoughts, that used to seem
Lowly and gentle as a cooing dove,
Have caught, I know not how, a peacock's dress,
And strut—

GILLIAN.

In borrowed plumage ? say'st thou so ?

(The sound of a harp is heard.)

But hark ! the harp ! I must e'en take a peep.

*(She goes to a door leading to the banquet-room,
opens it slightly.)*

They pass the harp round, as their custom is.
Elfrida has it—hist !

*(Elfrida's voice is heard from the banquet-room,
singing the following.)*

As the lone eagle
In his haughty ire,
With beating wing
And burning eye of fire,
Still sunward lifts
His free undazzled gaze,
And pants to revel
In that boundless blaze,—

The winged ambition
Struggling in my soul
Turns its wild eye
To one resplendent goal,
Scorning its prison bars,
Though gold they be,
And murmuring ever,
I will yet be free!

GILLIAN.

And now she yields it, with a winning smile,
Unto the King.

(The King's voice.)

No wonder that cheek, in its tinting transcendant,
Excelleth the beauty of others by far;
No wonder that eye is so richly resplendent,
For your heart is a Rose, and your soul is a Star!

Then give back to Heaven the light it bestows,
Till the Star smile again in its birth-place above;
But oh! let me share the soft bloom of the Rose,
Yield, yield the warm heart to my cherishing love!

MANBERT.

Our gracious King is ever mixing up
His love and his religion in one draught.

GILLIAN.

That noble dark-eyed youth, who came they say
From the rich southern land, and whom they call
Guido, has ta'en it now; and lo! he bends
Courteously to the Lady Adelmine!
Who lovelier looks in that strange lowly garb
Than a pure rosebud in its veil of moss;
Fairer than even she e'er looked before,
And fairer far than any of the rest.—
But listen, Manbert.

(Guido's voice.)

Love flew from Heaven one fatal day,
To find a wild flower rare and sweet;
Alas! how soon entranced he lay
A smiling prisoner at thy feet!
While thou and he, in guileless play,
Beguiled the moments fleet.

Yet pity—pity, maiden bright,
The archer-boy, no longer free;
For Time has stolen his wings of light,
And flying, leaves poor Love with thee.
Ah! doubly swift is now his flight,
While Love remains with thee!

GILLIAN.

Love! love! its nothing but love—vulgar fellows!
I will not hear another syllable.

(Runs off—Manbert follows her.)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Elfrida and Edgar.

ELFRIDA.

Gentle my Liege—speak on.

EDGAR.

Earth hath no language, love, befitting thee ;
For its own children it hath pliant speech,
And mortals know to call a blossom fair,
A wavelet graceful, and a jewel rich :
But thou—oh! teach me, sweet, the angel-tongue
They talked in Heaven, ere thou didst leave its
 bowers
To bloom below. Come, fair one! answer me!
How named they thee in thy celestial home?

ELFRIDA.

If Athelwold should hear thee !

EDGAR.

Name not the felon knave to me, Elfrida ;
My soul is flame whene'er I think of him.
Thou lov'st him not—oh ! say thou dost not love
him !

ELFRIDA.

When but a child, I saw thee in my dreams !

EDGAR.

Heaven bless thee, beautiful !

Thou wilt be mine ?

Thou'lt to the palace with me ?

ELFRIDA.

King ! ere dishonour stain Earl Ordgar's child,
This hand should change her glowing life to nought.
Look on me, look ! Is this a brow whereon
The trembler, Shame, should sit ? Is this a form
Should droop and shrink before the glance of Scorn ?
Know me, my Lord !

EDGAR.

Thou wouldst ennoble Shame! and Scorn would
change
To suppliant Love before thee!
How may we feed our passion, if not thus?

ELFRIDA.

Are there no means?

Is Edgar's sceptre broken?
Must monarchs tamely smile while they are robbed
Of what they've set their hearts on? Be it so!
Within yon wood is many a secret cave,
Might more than match in gloom the darkest deed.
Dost lack a dagger?

EDGAR.

I lack the courage, lady,
To do a coward act!

ELFRIDA.

"A coward act!" How if some vagrant wasp
Thy hand should sting—Wouldst let it play there
still?
What more to thee—the master of the realm—

Is this light lord? Go to! he's but a mote,
Which with a word thou canst annihilate!
And thou dost pause!

Speak not of love to me!

[*Exit.*]

EDGAR.

An angel temper!
Some summer's day I too may seem a mote
Between her and the sun of her ambition;
And then—no dagger will my lady lack
To clear her pathway!

SCENE II.

Grounds belonging to Athelwold's Castle.

Enter Adelmine—Guido following.

GUIDO.

Stay, spirit!

ADELMINE.

I dare not stay.

D

GUIDO.

And why?

ADELMINE.

I know not why I dare not—this I know—
Mine eyes do fill with tears, my heart doth beat
To very pain, when I do look on thee,
Or hear thee speak.

GUIDO.

“Tears!” “Pain!”—Thou dost not hate me?

ADELMINE.

I cannot tell—I do not think I hate thee.

GUIDO.

Dost love me then?

ADELMINE.

I cannot tell, and would not if I could.

GUIDO.

Who taught thee that cold “would not?”

ADELMINE.

A low, soft voice within; even now I hear
Its fairy murmur in my trembling soul,
It whispers still "Beware!"

GUIDO.

Oh! not of me!

ADELMINE.

No! but of owning unrequited love.

GUIDO.

Wert ever wooed ere now?

ADELMINE.

Then thou dost woo me!

GUIDO.

Ay! and will, fair child! till thou art won!

ADELMINE.

Dost note this simple garb?

GUIDO.

Yes! loveliest!

ADELMINE.

It is a peasant's.

GUIDO.

Well!

ADELMINE.

Wouldst wed a peasant?

GUIDO.

I would wed thee wert thou a beggar, sweet.

ADELMINE.

And when?

GUIDO.

Now, now! so thou wilt love me!

ADELMINE.

Now do I bless thee, false and lost Elfrida.
This lowly guise, which thy beguiling voice
Did lure me to assume, has proved in sooth
An elfin charm, to test a generous heart.

GUIDO.

What meanst thou, maiden?

ADELMINE.

See!

*(She throws off her coif, and releases her long hair,
which is adorned with gems.)*

I am a noble's child!

GUIDO *(starting back.)*

Oh! would thou wert not so!

ADELMINE.

And why?

GUIDO.

No noble I.

ADELMINE.

And art thou not? then doth thy brow belie thee.
Thou art! I read it in thy proud dark eyes,
Whose glance is truth and love, and in those lips,
Whose smile is but a ray of the soul's sunshine;

In thy high bearing, in thy movements, words,
Thou art of heaven's nobility—as far
Excelling earth's as doth yon winged star,
Robed in its garment of celestial glory,
Outshine the earth-bound glow-worm.

GUIDO.

Alas! sweet maiden! I am viewed by thee
Thro' the pure light of thine own innocent spirit,
Illumining all that comes within its sphere.
As rugged hills, seen through an atmosphere
Sunny and soft, seem robed in heavenly hues
And radiance not their own. Yet shine thou still
In thy young virgin loveliness upon me,
And I will realise thy loftiest dream.

ADELMINE.

I know thou wilt; and now farewell, my friend!
Elfrida waits my coming. Poor Elfrida!
Her maiden, Gillian, tells me she is crazed,
And raves of crowns and thrones, and vaunts how
she,
If she were England's queen, would rule the world!

GUIDO.

Alas! she cannot even rule herself;
Her passions are too fierce for majesty.
'Tis strange, dear Adelmine, whene'er I dream,
As oft I do, of England's future glory,
The self-same lovely apparition rises,
Sceptred and crowned. I will describe it, sweet,
As I have seen it in my midnight visions.
Fancy the sun of England in its zenith,
And on its throne a youthful fair-haired creature,
Round whom in reverence throng th' adoring train
Of noble, lovely, wise, and great, and good,—
Like Dian, throned in light and circled by
The starry powers,—Dian, ere yet she pressed
In youthful joy Endymion's dimpled cheek,
And left a rosy lustre floating there
From that soft kiss which, gleaming thro' the night,
Reach'd with its tremulous ray th' Olympian height
And treacherously betrayed her to the gods.
Canst thou not fancy her, my Adelmine!
When veiled in mist, and smiling thro' her veil,—
Glowing with maiden loveliness and love!
Her golden tresses rippling o'er her feet,—
She trod with steps of light the Latmian mount,
And softly stealing—

ADELMINE.

But the queen, my friend !

GUIDO.

Ah ! fairest ! fear me not ! no word of mine
Shall bid the rose of modesty unfold
To lend thy cheek its blushes—Yes ! the queen—
A maiden queen—gentle and yet high-souled
In the first glow of lovely womanhood—
Pure as the snow-drop in the early dew
With morning's flush upon it—firm and proud
In her own high resolves, yet still relying
With modest trust on those she knows more wise—
True to herself and heaven, and true to all
Whose destinies are hers—in heart and deed,
And when the cares of empire are thrown by,
Artless, and timid, and confiding as
The nestling dove within its woodland home,
And playful too and loving as a child ;
Owning in every subject-heart a throne,
Where she is crowned and knelt to by affection.
Is't not a woman worthy of the realm ?

ADELMINE.

Ah, yes ! but I had rather thou wouldst dream

Of me in future. I must leave thee now.

I go to con this new sweet lesson o'er,

Which thou and Love have taught me.

Fare thee well !

GUIDO.

Farewell mine own ! And be not jealous, sweet,

I'll warrant thee thine image warmed my heart,

When I did draw that glowing picture from it.

[Exeunt at different doors.]

SCENE III.

Elfrida's Chamber.

Elfrida—Manbert holding a dagger and a purse.

ELFRIDA.

Thou'lt do the deed, good Manbert ?

MANBERT.

I'll do the deed.

ELFRIDA.

Thou'lt not betray me?

MANBERT.

No.

ELFRIDA.

Thou'rt chary of thy words—perchance thou
deem'st

Me chary of my gold—is't not enough?

MANBERT.

Ay!

ELFRIDA.

I shall go mad! I pray you say somewhat,—
Is't not a loyal deed to stab a traitor?

MANBERT.

Ay, madam!

ELFRIDA.

And Athelwold's a traitor.

MANBERT.

So thou say'st.

ELFRIDA.

Knave! caitiff! slave! and is he not, I say?

MANBERT.

What, is he not—"knave?—caitiff?—slave?"
good lady?

ELFRIDA.

Now had I but that dagger in this hand!—
I pray you, pardon me! I'm not myself.
But do it, friend, and look for farther meed,
Not from your mistress only—but your King.

(Aside.)

Edgar will thank me when the deed is o'er.

(Aloud.)

Farewell, good Manbert,—come when it is done.

(Turning aside.)

I've locked his conscience with a golden key,
Would mine were closed as lightly!

(To Manbert.)

Why star'st thou with those glaring eyes upon me.

MANBERT.

Methought I saw a fiend !

ELFRIDA.

A fiend ! Heaven shield us ! where !

MANBERT (*still looking at Elfrida.*)

Yonder !

ELFRIDA.

Still is thy gaze on me !

MANBERT.

Nay, pardon me, 'twas on the fiend I gazed.

ELFRIDA.

Go to ! I'll leave thee with this scare-crow shade.

[*Exit Elfrida.*]

MANBERT.

It will not stay, it likes thy company best.

(*Looks at the purse.*)

And this then is my bribe for butchery !

Faith ! this same lady-murderess must prize

A human soul but lightly, since she thinks
To buy it at so cheap a rate as this.
A bag of paltry gold!—perchance she deems
A slave's soul is of meaner stamp and worth.
Almighty power! do not all spirits bear
Thine image pure and cloudless from their birth!
And who shall dare decide that thou hast traced
Its beauty less divinely for the slave
Than for his lord, or that the impress is
Less perfect in the one than in the other?

(He holds up the dagger.)

And this too is the instrument, which was
To reach as noble and as kind a heart
As ever beat for an ungrateful woman.
Within yon moat
They shall both lie, until that day of doom
Yon subtle priest, the haughty Dunstan tells of;
Then shall they stand as witnesses against her.
For me, I'll not betray her;
I am too thankful that she chose my hand
To do the deed—since thus I may prevent it.
No, no,—I'll not betray her;—but I'll warn
My master that some danger threatens him.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

A Room in the Castle.

Enter Edgar and Oswald.

EDGAR.

Ay! ay!

She'd bear her bravely as fair England's queen.
There's not another woman in the realm
Would so become a throne, as this Elfrida.
Curse on the scheming Lord who robbed me of her,
I'll have his head for't!
But didst thou mark the peasant-maiden, Oswald,
Some rustic in attendance on the lady,
Yet so ennobled she her simple garb,
With her pure delicate loveliness, her grace,
Her sweet and silent gravity of mien,
Her timid looks—her shrinking modesty;
I could have sworn she was not what she seemed.
Didst mark the maid?

OSWALD.

I did, my Liege,—yet, nothing did I mark
Worthy a second glance from kingly eyes.

EDGAR.

Then call mine eyes unkingly, for so much
They saw to ravish them, they sent not two,
But twenty glances o'er that drooping form;
Until her cheek, which was a rose before—
A faint-hued rose—became a crimson one;
And her dark violet eyes did fall abashed
Beneath my ardent gaze.—She is a prize
Which I will win, or perish.—Oswald! look!
Is not that she beyond?—by heaven it is!
She comes this way.—Oswald,—farewell, good
Oswald.

OSWALD (*aside, going.*)

Lies the hunt there? Curse on the fool! he'll pass
The queenly deer that in his pathway glides,
And woos the threatened wound—that he may
lure
This wild and timid fawn from out her covert.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Adeline.

ADELME (starting back.)

Pardon, my Liege!

I knew not you were here.

EDGAR (seizing her hand.)

And hadst thou known,
Wouldst thou have left me to my own dull thoughts?

ADELME.

I do beseech your Grace, let go my hand!

EDGAR.

Why! so I will, sweet child! to clasp thy waist.
What! struggling, girl? and know'st thou who I am?

ADELME.

I thought, at first, you were the King of England.

EDGAR.

At first? and why not still?

ADELME.

They told me he was manly, courteous, brave.

EDGAR.

And since I am not either—I am not
The King of England! is it so? well—well!
I'll let thee go.—Thou art a graceful pleader,
And arguest prettily.—I'll let thee go—
In time, I mean;—we'll have a ransom first,—
A ransom worthy of our lovely prize.

(Tries to kiss her.)

ADELMINE *(struggling.)*

Oh! Guido! where art thou!

Enter Guido—she runs to him.

GUIDO *(bearing her off the stage.)*

Were he ten times thy King, he should not harm
thee.

[Exeunt Adelmine and Guido.]

EDGAR.

Thou diest for this!

[Exit,

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Another Room in the same.

Athelwold alone.

ATHELWOLD.

And for this woman, I have stained for ever
My noble name! For this light, feeble thing,
Who has not even soul enough to feel
The sacrifice I made for her,—the loss
Of all that should be dearest 'unto man—
Perjured myself for her—broke my pledged faith,
To Edgar doubly due, as King and friend!
I have deserved the wound, but not from her—
Not from that hand so linked in love to mine!—
Or did I dream she loved me! Heaven and earth!

Have I been wasting heart, and soul, and life,
On a cold, reckless wanton? Oh, Elfrida!
Thy glorious beauty was the gift of heaven,—
As such thou shouldst have priz'd it, and have died
Ere thou didst yield it up to mortal touch,
Unless thy heart went with it, to make pure
And sanctify the offering. Oh, my wife!—
The idol I have set apart to worship—
Watch'd over—cherish'd—mus'd upon in absence,
Until my full heart ached with tenderness!—
Why! what a doting idiot have I been!

Enter Manbert.

MANBERT (*aside.*)

True!

(*Coming forward.*)

My Lord! danger's at hand!

ATHELWOLD.

Danger for whom?

MANBERT.

Thyself!

ATHELWOLD.

Of what?

MANBERT.

Of death!

ATHELWOLD.

Well?

MANBERT.

Thou must fly!

ATHELWOLD (*bitterly.*)

And wherefore must?

Good Manbert! go thou to the desert wild,
And shew the panting wretch, whose very heart
Is parched with thirst, a fountain at his feet!
Then bid him fly, and taste it not! Or take
Unto the tortured victim of the rack
A bed of down, and offer him his choice!
Manbert! to me is death a bed of down,—
A fountain, in whose draught oblivion dwells—
Oblivion of all sorrow!

MANBERT (*aside.*)

Now, by the mass! I will betray the woman!

ATHELWOLD.

But I wrong

Thy kindly nature thus to trifle with thee;—
From whom didst learn this danger?

MANBERT.

Hear!—My lady—

ATHELWOLD (*aside.*)

Ay! poor Elfrida! she would warn me then!
She doth repent her folly—thoughtless child!
She dreams not of her own far greater peril.
No! I will not desert her in her hour
Of trial and temptation!—she has lost
My love—my trust—but never shall she lose
My best protection while I live to give it!

(*Aloud.*)

What said thy lady, Manbert?

MANBERT (*with emphasis.*)

She placed a dagger in my hand, my Lord!

ATHELWOLD.

Fond, fearful thing! I've daggers of my own.
But am I then to be th' assassin's aim?
I would not die that death! And she did send
A weapon of defence?—She loves me still!

MANBERT.

She gave me with the dagger, sir, a purse!

ATHELWOLD.

Lest I lack means to fly! I would not leave her
In Edgar's power, while life is in this arm,
Though all the dogs of hell were on the scent,
To lap my heart's blood!

MANBERT.

Oh, my noble master!
'Tis she would have your heart's blood!

ATHELWOLD.

'Sdeath! fellow! dost thou rave?

MANBERT.

Scarce an hour since—
With hollow voice, disordered dress, and eyes

Where flashed a demon light—she bade me take
A bribe to stab the traitor Athelwold!
And look for farther meed, not from herself
Alone, but—

. ATHELWOLD.

Edgar? ha!—my royal foe!
Now is existence dear again!—now hath
This low-souled Sovereign matched me my dis-
honour!

Is he not King? had he not power to take
This poor life in the open face of day?
By heaven, thou'st lightened me of such a load
Of gratitude to him, whom I did wrong,
And pity for this woman.—Take her, King!
Love her as I have lov'd, and she will prove
A curse to thee and thine! My sword, good
Manbert!—

I must go armed. To-morrow, while the chase
Is hot, I'll quit the eager train unseen,
And fly to Scotland. Kenneth is my friend—
The noble Kenneth! Peace may yet be mine.
I will forget that e'er I had a home
In England's heart, or hers.

Thou, Manbert, stay ;
And shield this reckless creature, if thou canst,
From ruin and dishonour.

Tell her,—he
Who loved her once, would guard her still from
shame.

Bear my forgiveness to her when I'm gone !
Farewell, my trusty Manbert ! Take this purse ;
I ask not where her bribe is,—for I know
Thy honour and thy pride would spurn the trash.
[Exit.]

MANBERT.

Thy gold I but retain to furnish me
With means to follow thee, my generous master !

Enter Elfrida, hastily, with a distracted air.

ELFRIDA.

I cannot rest !

Ha, Manbert ! is it thou ?
Thou hast the purse still ?—

And the dagger ?—speak !
The dagger's work is finished ?—it has found

The traitor's life-blood? Speak! my faithful
Manbert!

MANBERT (*confused.*)

There's been as yet no chance—
To-morrow—in the hunt—my lady—
[*Exit, in haste.*]

ELFRIDA.

How?—

Ay, ay! 'twere better so! Suspicion then
Will never rest on me.—Good God! what am I?
Am I turned fiend? that wheresoe'er I go
The sounds of hell are ringing in mine ears,
And all things—even the clear and holy skies,
The flowers, the fountains—wear the hue of blood!
The blood of Athelwold!

Nay! not to-morrow!
Thou shalt not do the deed to-morrow, Manbert!
We'll wait awhile—(*looks wildly round.*)
Where is he?—gone?

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

*Adelmine discovered on a rustic seat, near the
Castle.*

ADELMINE.

I know not why, my heart is light to-day,
And full of music as a bird's in spring;
The while I feel that danger threatens me,—
Not me alone, but Athelwold and Guido,—
And yet my heart is light.

(Hums a few notes, and then sings the following.)

Before a fair maiden
Two offerings shone;—
A blossom dew-laden,
A sun-coloured stone:

Alone in her bower,
And musing on them,—
She weeps o'er the flower,
She smiles on the gem.

That tear-drop so tender
From Love's fount it steals;
But the smile in its splendour
A triumph reveals!

Thy choice, gentle maiden !
'Tis thine—thine alone !
The leaflet, dew-laden,—
The sun-illumed stone.

The one is the offer
Of Power and Pride ;
With gold in his coffer,
And gems for his bride.

The other, a token
From Passion and Truth ;
The pure and unbroken,—
The love of thy youth.

She falters !—though cruel,
The struggle is brief ;
She clasps—not the jewel—
The tear-laden leaf !

He was a faithless bard that made the song,
And much he wrongs the sex ; I do not think
The lady faltered—what ! between a gem—
A silly jewel, and a glowing rose—
The gift of love ! I'll not believe she faltered.

*(Guido enters behind her unperceived, and lays
his hand on her shoulder. Adelmine screams, turns
and sees him.)*

ADELMINE.

I thought—Thank heaven 'twas not that hateful
King!

Cruel! to fright me so! I'll not forgive thee.

GUIDO.

Ay! but thou wilt!

ADELMINE.

I will not—that I will not!

GUIDO.

I tell thee, ere yon cloud has crossed the sun,
Thou'lt weep thy pardon on my breast, sweet love!

ADELMINE.

Guido!

GUIDO.

Dear Adelmine! the King, incensed
At my defiance of his haughty will,
Has banished me.

ADELMINE (*throwing herself on his breast.*)

Thou wilt not go alone?

GUIDO.

Alone, and unforgiven, Adelmine!

ADELMINE.

Oh, trifle not!—I do, I do forgive thee.

But wilt thou go alone?

GUIDO.

How should I else?

ADELMINE.

Oh! is there none—no friend, whose tireless love
Might sooth and bless thee in thy wanderings?

GUIDO.

I know of none.

ADELMINE.

Of none?—unkind! (*turns away.*)

GUIDO.

Thou dost not mean thyself?—by heav'n thou dost!
Those downcast eyes—that drooping, shrinking
form—

That deepening blush!—come to my heart, my
purest!

And didst thou dream that I would bear my flower,
My timid violet, forth into the stir
Of this rude world? Oh! thou wert made to dwell
Where but the loving light of heaven, its dew
And balmy air, should kiss thy virgin brow—
Thou couldst not bide the storm!

ADELMINE.

And could I not?

Oh, Guido! let me go!

There is no storm so fierce, but love's pure smile
Can light a rainbow through it:—Let me go!

GUIDO.

And leave thy home?

ADELMINE.

Thou art my home!

GUIDO.

Thy maiden dreams of joy?

ADELMINE.

They go with thee!

Oh! if thou leave me here

Without them, love, an exile from thy heart,

Thou art a sterner tyrant than the King,

And dost enforce a sadder banishment

Than even thine own!

Thou wilt not, gentle Guido!

GUIDO.

But were it known that we escape together,

Fierce Edgar's anger might alight on thee.

ADELMINE (*in a low, emphatic tone.*)

His anger is less fearful than his love!

GUIDO.

By heaven! thou mov'st me now.

Thou'rt in his power!

The very thought hath madness in't!

Thou'lt fly?

ADELMINE.

I will.

GUIDO.

But how?

ADELMINE.

I thought not how!

But stay!—To-morrow doth the King go forth,
With all his train, to hunt. The wandering bard
Who came last night, and for whose simple wants
I did provide, is grateful for my care:
I'll have for gold his mantle and his cap;
And thus disguised—for well the minstrel-garb
Will hide the beatings of a woman's heart—
I'll join the chase, and meet thee in the forest.

GUIDO.

Be it so then!

To-morrow's sun shall see
A bride more beauteous than his own Aurora!
Farewell! Heaven bless thee!

[Exeunt different ways.]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A sumptuous Chamber in the Castle, hung with the richest tapestry, and adorned with silver mirrors, couches and footstools of oak, inlaid with gold and covered with embroidered silk. In the centre of the room a golden table, beautifully wrought. Edgar, richly dressed, is seated by it alone; and on it is a wooden goblet, embossed with jewels and rimmed with gold; beside this stands a large silver vessel, containing wine.

EDGAR.

Beshrew these lovely witches! they've possessed
me,

They've haunted me all night, and even now
Alternate glide before my spell-bound eyes!
There, with alluring grace and lightning looks,
Majestic Elfrid waves her snowy arm,

And proudly bids me follow her to joy !
And here, on light and fairy feet flits by
The young and dark-eyed Adelmene !—

Her gaze

Bent to the earth in virgin bashfulness ;
And on her cheek the pure and dimpled rose
Of innocence and love !

Enter an Attendant.

ATTENDANT.

So please your Grace,
There's one without would private speech with you.

EDGAR.

Admit him, slave !

[Exit Attendant.]

How sweet a dream he broke !

*Re-enter Attendant, with Dunstan, disguised
in a long dark mantle.*

EDGAR (*laying his hand on his sword.*)

Thy name, sir stranger ?

DUNSTAN (*throwing back his cloak.*)

Benedicite !

EDGAR.

Ah ! reverend Father ! thou ?

(*Kneels. Dunstan lays his hand on Edgar's head ; he rises, and they seat themselves.*)

But why art here at this untimely hour ?

DUNSTAN (*sternly.*)

Because untimely deeds do call me hither !
My son, while busy with my pious duties,
I heard by chance of this thy sudden journey—
I unconsulted !—'Twas ill done, young sir !

EDGAR.

Name me some penance, Father !

DUNSTAN.

Of that anon.

How purpose you to win the fair Elfrida ?

EDGAR.

I think not, care not how—so I do win her !

But this I purpose—Athelwold must die!—
He hath deceived me.

DUNSTAN.

If he die publicly, the world will say
He perished only that the King might live
In beauteous Elfrid's heart! He must not die
Unless the stroke be secret!

EDGAR.

Be it so.

Let me but win Elfrida—and that soon!
I die till she is mine!

DUNSTAN.

Shame on thee, son!

Hast thou no reverence for this holy garb.
Know! reprobate! the thunders of the church
Have reached—may yet—the crowned head!
Beware!

EDGAR.

I humbly crave your pardon, reverend Father.
I pray you, pledge me in a draught of wine.
Ho! slave! another goblet!

(Dunstan slowly fills the goblet.—Re-enter Slave, with another.)

DUNSTAN.

Heaven forbid
That I should so pollute my sacred calling!
[Exit Slave.]

And yet, it ill beseems the lowly, poor,
And humble priest, to thwart his Sovereign's will.
Health and success, my son!

(Drains the goblet and fills it again, Edgar does the same.)

EDGAR.

When once the Earl's despatched,
I shall, with your good countenance, reverend sir!
Espouse the lady Elfrid.—This I promised
E'en at the banquet-board.

DUNSTAN.

And should the church,
In her benign compassion for the frailty
Of an oft-erring son,—deign to o'erlook
Th' unseemly haste and manifest foolishness

Of such an act—

These broad and fair estates—

(Drains the goblet again.)

EDGAR *(smiling.)*

Shall prove my gratitude and my remorse,

They shall be her's—

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Commend me to a reverend, for preparing

A salve for tender consciences beforehand!

(Fills up Dunstan's goblet again.)

DUNSTAN.

Farewell! thou graceless boy!

Remember! and beware! betray me not!

I come disguised, because it is not meet

My name were known in these designs of thine.

Farewell! my blessing—

EDGAR.

But see! your goblet is as yet undrained—

DUNSTAN *(demurely.)*

I am your subject, and must needs obey.

(Drains it a third time.)

EDGAR.

Well said, and as well done! Your blessing, Father!

(Kneels—Dunstan gravely blesses him, and Exit.)

EDGAR.

Nay, by the mass! these priests are jolly fellows!

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

An extensive Forest.—Storm—Thunder & Lightning

Enter Edgar.

EDGAR.

Curse on my weakness,
For yielding to a woman's light caprice.
To please this wayward beauty, we must all,
I and my train, give up the hunt—alight
To rest us in the wood,—because, forsooth,
The day was sultry. Our good steeds, meanwhile,

Must wander where they list,—the search for them
Would be so pleasant!—Well! we did her bidding.
But hardly were we seated, when the storm
Suddenly rose—our frightened horses dashed
Like wildfire through the forest—we dispersed
In search of them—and here am I, alone,
Baffled in my pursuit of Athelwold;
Bewildered, and almost exhausted.

(Enter Oswald.)

Ha!

Oswald, there's not a moment now to lose,
I am too weary to pursue him farther:
Go thou, and ere he find his steed, find him.
Despatch him, friend, while I do rest myself
In yonder cave, and if thou meet'st my train,
Bid them haste there. But stay—do thou go first
Into the cave, and bring me prompt report
If it be fitting for a King's repose.

SCENE III.

An immense Cavern.—Storm continues.—Athelwold near the mouth of the Cave.

ATHELWOLD.

But for this darkness which obscures the path,
I had been distant many a league ere now.

(Looks round.)

I'll find some place to hide me, 'till his train
Pass by! 'Tis a dread cave! Tradition tells,
Ages ago, the mystic Druids hewed
Its hollow in the rock;—and once, 'tis said,
A horrid murder here was perpetrated;
In sooth a fitting scene.—Ha! some one comes!

(He retires to the back of the Cave.)

Enter Oswald.

OSWALD.

The selfish tyrant! let him do his deeds
Of hell with his own hand,—I'll none of them.
I've injured Athelwold enough already.

His murder too, might baffle all my schemes
Of vengeance on his wife—by making clear
Her pathway to the throne.—'Tis her disgrace,
And not his death I seek.

ATHELWOLD (*coming forward.*)

Is it Oswald's voice that speaks?

OSWALD.

Thou here?—fly—fly!

Fierce Edgar seeks thy life!

ATHELWOLD.

I know it, friend.—But, Oswald, ere I fly,
I've a commission for thee.—Wilt thou seek
The caitiff who betrayed me to the King?—

OSWALD

Wilt please you go, my Lord?

ATHELWOLD.

Ay! ay! in time!

But on his craven back avenge thy friend.

OSWALD.

No more!

ATHELWOLD.

Yes! whip him as thou wouldst a rebel bondsman,
Whose saucy malice had been arm'd against thee.

OSWALD.

By heaven!

ATHELWOLD.

Thou wilt?

I know thou wilt, my friend..
And tell him, I, if e'er he cross my path,
Will tear his venomous tongue from out his throat,
And fling it back into his face—the dastard!

OSWALD.

Fool! dost thou sport with fate?

Then take it! thus!

(Stabs him.)

Enter Edgar.

ATHELWOLD *(to Oswald.)*

False knave! Have at thee!

(They fight.)

Enter Guido, with Adelmine in a Gleeman's dress.

ADELMINE (*screaming, and throwing herself
between the combatants.*)

'Tis Athelwold, and they would murder him!

(Edgar rushes forward and drags her away.)

(Athelwold falls.)

EDGAR.

What puny thing art thou that dar'st intrude
'Twixt me and vengeance—

(Pointing a dagger at her breast.)

*(Guido wrenches the dagger from his hand, while
Attendants enter and seize him.)*

GUIDO.

My Adelmine! reveal and save thyself!

*(The Storm meanwhile has gradually ceased, and
at this moment the Sun shines suddenly out
upon the scene.)*

EDGAR.

Adelmine!

My lovely peasant! lovelier than ever!
Kneel, for thy pardon, prettiest!

ADELMINE (*throws off her cap and mantle, beneath
which is a bridal-robe befitting her station;—
while her long tresses fall around her, partly
confined by a band of jewels.*)

Not to thee,
Though thou wert Monarch of the universe.
Look there, assassin!

(*Points to the dead body of Athelwold. Then
goes to it, and covers it tenderly with her
mantle.*)

Enter Elfrida, behind, unseen by them.

EDGAR (*gazing in surprize at Adelmine.*)

She's noble then! I feared so!
By heaven, her pride becomes her gloriously!
She must be mine, by some means, foul or fair.
What sayest thou, maiden? wilt thou share my
throne?

ELFRIDA (*aside.*)

Ha!

ADELMINE.

Never!

EDGAR.

Nay! sweetest, think again!

ADELMINE.

False hearted King! I scorn thee!

EDGAR.

Die then, insulting girl!

*(Draws his dagger.)**(Guido struggles with his guards.)*

ADELMINE.

Death were the dearer bridegroom!

*(Edgar sheaths his dagger.)*ELFRIDA (*coming haughtily forward.*)

Saw you my lord?

OSWALD (*gloomily.*)

There lies what was thy lord,
And thou hast slain him!

ELFRIDA (*shrieking, and throwing herself on her
knees, by the body.*)

Athelwold! speak! speak!

One word—oh! one! of pity and of pardon.
Look up, my love—Elfrida kneels to thee—
Thy wife, whom thou didst watch so tenderly,
And who repaid thee with her curses—live!
Oh! live! that I may love thee! worship thee!
My noble lord!

It is too late—too late!

(*She rises slowly, and stands for some moments
as if abandoned to despair.—Then, looking
wildly round, she sees the King and Adel-
mine.—She springs forward—drags the for-
mer towards the body—points to it, and
cries.*)

It was for thee I killed him! ay! for thee,
Thou beardless boy! And what is my reward?
My guilty passion scorn'd—my promis'd crown—

The bauble I have sold my very soul for,
Offered, before me, to a whining child !
Why, give it to her, King! the paltry toy !
But, stir not—speak not—till thou hast restored
Life to the heart that loved me !

Give him back !

Give me my lord, my noble generous husband.
*(She throws herself again, in a passion of tears, on
the body.)*

EDGAR *(aside to Oswald.)*

Now must this beauteous fury be appeased,
Or with the murder all the realm will ring.
Besides—she'll queen it bravely—

Will she not !

So lovely, even in her rage !

(To Elfrida, aloud.)

Mine own

Best love !—My fair Elfrida ! wilt thou let
A moment's playful jesting with a child,
Deprive me of my heart's elected ?—Come !
Poor Athelwold was slain in equal fight,
And shall have noble burial.—

Come,—my queen!
Power, pomp, and love and homage wait thee still,
Mistress of Edgar's soul and kingdom.—Come!
England shall see a star upon her throne,
Whose light shall glad the universe!

ELFRIDA (*aside.*)

England shall see a tigress on her throne,
Thirsting for victims in her soul's despair!

OSWALD (*aside.*)

And this is my revenge! Blind fool!

EDGAR.

And lest
This pretty runaway disturb us more—
Here Guido, take her hand!
Elfrida pardons you!

(*Guido comes forward and takes her hand.*)

CURTAIN FALLS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE LANGUAGE OF GEMS.

FAIR Flora of late has become such a blue,
She has sent all her pretty dumb children to school ;
And tho' strange it may seem, what I tell you is true,
Already they've learn'd French and English by rule.

Bud, blossom, and leaf, are all gifted with speech ;
And eloquent lips, breathing love in each tone,
Delighting such beautiful pupils to teach,
Have lent them a language as sweet as their own.

No more is the nightingale's serenade heard ;
For Flora exclaims, as she flits thro' her bowers,
" It is softer than warble of fairy or bird,
This magical music—the language of flowers !"

No longer the lover impassioned bestows
The pearl or the ruby :—in Hope's sunny hours
He twines for his maiden a myrtle and rose—
'Tis the echo of Love, the pure language of flowers.

But the pearl and the ruby are sadly dismayed ;
I saw a fair girl lay them lightly aside,
And blushing wreath, in her hair's simple braid,
The white orange flower that betrayed her a bride.

And I fancied I heard the poor jewels bewail,—
I saw them change countenance strangely, I'm sure,
The pearl blush'd with anger, the ruby turn'd pale—
Indeed 'twas too much for a stone to endure.

And I, who had ever a passion for Gems,
For the diamond's smile and the ruby's rich flame,
And who envy kings only their bright diadems,
Resolv'd to defend them from undeserved shame.

What are jewels but flowers that never decay,
With a glow and a glory unfading as fair?
And why should'nt they tell their minds if they may?
There are "sermons in stones," as all sages declare.

A wild tongue of flame wags in some of them too,
That would talk if you'd let it—so listen awhile;
They've a world of rich meaning in ev'ry bright hue,
A ray of pure knowledge in each sunny smile.

Then turn to the blossoms that never decay—
Let the sage flowers sigh on their musical stems,
Or prattle away with each other to-day—
While you listen with me to the language of Gems.

The Diamond, emblem of Genius, would seem
In its glance, like the lightning, wild, fitful, divine;
Its point, that can pierce with a meteor-gleam—
Its myriad colours—its shadow and shine.

And more—in that magic so dazzling and strange,
Let it steal from Apollo but one sunny ray,
'Twill kindle a thousand, that deepen and change,
Till you fancy a rainbow within it at play.

Fair Truth's azure eyes, that were lighted in heav'n,
Have brought to the Sapphire a smile from above ;
And the rich glowing ray of the Ruby is given
To tell, as it blushes, of passionate Love.

The Chrysolite, clouded, and gloomy, and cold,
Its dye from the dark brow of Jealousy steals ;
But bright in the Crystal's fair face we behold
The image of Candour that nothing conceals.

Young Hope, like the spring in her mantle of green,
Assumes that soft tint, sunny, pleasant and tender,
And lends to the Emerald light so serene,
That the eye never wearies of watching its splendor.

The rosy Cornelian resembles the flush
That faintly illumines a beautiful face ;
And well in its lovely and tremulous blush
May Fancy the emblem of Modesty trace.

While Joy's golden smile in the Topaz is glowing,
And Purity dwells in the delicate Pearl,
The Opal, each moment new semblances showing,
May shine on the breast of some changeable girl.

Serene as the Turquoise, Content ever calm,
In her heart wears a heaven unshadow'd and bright;
While Beauty, exulting in Youth's sunny charm,
Beholds in the Beryl her image of light.

To the beaming Carbuncle, whose ray never dies,
The star-gift of shining in darkness is given;
So Faith, with her fervent and shadowless eyes,
Looks up thro' earth's midnight of trouble to heav'n.

There's a stone, the Asbestos, that, flung in the flame,
Unsullied comes forth with a colour more pure:
Thus shall Virtue, the victim of sorrow and shame,
Refined by the trial, for ever endure.

Resplendent in purple, the Amethyst, sparkling,
On Pride's flowing garments may haughtily glow;
While Jet, the lone mourning-Gem, shadowed and
 darkling,
And full of sad eloquence, whispers of Woe.

But thousands are beaming beneath the dark wave,
As stars thro' the tempest-cloud tremblingly smile,
Or, wasting their wealth in some desolate cave,
And talking, perchance, like the rest all the while.

Then wreathe of the blossoms that never decay,
A chaplet, dear maiden, that fair brow above ;
But within, wear their prototypes, purer than they,
Faith, Hope, Truth and Innocence, Modesty, Love!

And while in each jewel a lesson you see,—
While one smiles approval—another condemns,
I'm sure you will listen, delighted with me,
To a language so true as the Language of Gems.

EDWARD'S VOICE.

Who taught that tiny voice of thine
Its wealth of sweetness, child ?
Who tuned each tone to love divine,
With melody so mild ?
Ah ! simple is the spell, I ween,
That doth that grace impart ;
It dwells his own sweet self within,
It is—a loving heart !

WHY DONT HE PROPOSE?

An Epistle from Miss Seraphine Languish to Miss Jane Herbert.

You've seen Sir George Eustace? rich, handsome, and good, dear,
 As brave as a lion, as mild as a dove;
 Ever since I have known him, I've tried all I
 could, dear,
 To win from his lips an avowal of love!
 The world gives him to me—its debtor I stand, Jane;
 He might be as generous too—if he chose!
 Last evening, for two sets he offer'd his hand, Jane;
 'Twas only for two sets!—why dont he propose?

He said, cousin Isabel's dark hair was braided
 Above her white forehead, with classical grace;
 The very next morning, my raven locks shaded,
 In just such arrangement, my lovelier face!
 He likes Lady Adeline's bands, smooth and glossy;
 He looks at Georgina's soft tress as it flows;—
 I've worn my hair waving in curls light and flossy,
 I've worn Taglionis!—why dont he propose?

He vows that my dimple is Love's sunny spell, dear;
That my form than a fairy's is prettier far;
That my teeth are but pearls in a rich crimson
shell, dear;

My cheek a blush-rose, and my bright eye a star!
He says that my voice is bewitchingly tender;
I sing to him always of Love's gentle woes!
He knows I am ready my heart to surrender;—
He knows I adore him;—why don't he propose?

He likes timid women; by nature I'm bold, love,
But once, when it thundered, I clung to his arm;
Papa and Mama did look awfully cold, love,
But he seemed delighted,—and where was the
harm?

He gazed on my drooping form, languidly leaning,
He pressed my fair fingers as long as—he chose?
His eyes popped the question, with looks full of
meaning;
But his lips!—how provoking!—I thought he'd
propose!

Were I Lady Eustace, no bride of the season
Should sport a trousseau so *recherché* as I!

I'd be my own mistress, or I'd know the reason ;
And wives meek and yielding, for envy should
sigh !

My robe should be velvet,—my diamonds should
lighten

Amid my dark ringlets, as starry night glows !
I'd winter in Paris—I'd summer in Brighton !
What wouldn't I do—if he'd only propose !

THE EXILE'S LAMENT.

I AM not happy here, mother !
I pine to go to you ;
I weary for your voice and smile,
Your love—the fond and true !

My English home is cold, mother,
And dark and lonely too !
I never shall be happy here,—
I pine to go to you !

I love to hear gay voices,
To look on faces glad ;—
Here only one to mine replies,
And that is always sad !

Full many a simple melody
I make of home and you ;
But no one loves and sings the song
As Lizzie used to do !

I've friends, who kindly welcome give,
And whom I'll ne'er forget ;
But they love others more than me,
And I am not their pet !

In at my lattice laughs the sun,
And plays about my feet ;
I'd welcome it if you were here
Its summer warmth to greet !

The sky ne'er seems so blue, mother,—
So balmy soft the air !
And oh ! the flowers are not so pure
As those I used to wear !

My baby Ellen gaily plays,
But none are here to note,
With partial praise, her winning ways,
Or catch the gems that float—

The gems of thought that sparkle o'er
Her mind's untroubled sea ;
Then vanish in its depths before
We well know what they be !

How oft, when lovelier than their wont
Her cheek's pure roses glow,
And fairer 'neath the sunlit hair
Her veined temples show,

I want it watched by other eye,
That face—so bright to me !
And sigh—" If mother now were by !"
" If Lizzie could but see !"

Oh ! my English home is cold, mother,
And dark and lonely too !
I never shall be happy here,—
I pine to go to you !

I will not call it "home," mother,
From those I love so far!—
That only can be home to me,
Where you and Lizzie are!

THE WITHERED FLOWER & BROKEN HEART.

THE maiden by her mirror stands,
Arraying for the festal dance,
Along her hair her jewelled hands
From tress to tress like lightning glance;
Till all its floating waves of gold
Around her graceful head are rolled,
And seem so rich its braids and bright,
A classic crown of changeful light.

Her diamond zone is clasped above
A heart that throbs with joy and love;
Rich folds of snowy velvet there
Meet on a breast as soft and fair;

Th' elastic foot—a captive light—
Is laced within her slipper white ;
And faint the dimpled arm gleams through
Her silken glove's transparent hue,—
A lily 'neath the wave revealed,
That charms the most when half concealed.

And now a rose—Love's own sweet flower,
His gift in Beauty's triumph hour,
To lips that mock its blush is pressed,
And laid upon the maiden's breast.

In truth it is a pleasant sight—
That form of grace, that head of light !
But not the velvet's fairest fold,
And not the braid of gleaming gold ;
Nor flashing circlet on the hand,
Nor rainbow-ray of diamond band ;
Not these the gazer's eye allure,
But something far more rich and pure.

The rosy glow of girlish joy,
Unmingled yet with Care's alloy ;
The lip's sweet curl of maiden-pride,
Not yet to bitterness allied ;

The glory of those azure eyes,
Where virgin dreams of rapture rise ;
The glad and open brow of youth,
Fair shrine of innocence and truth :
These, these are charms—the true—the pure—
That still the gazer's eye allure.

The maiden by her mirror stands,
Before her clasped her languid hands !
Her robe is loose—her feet are bare—
Her head is bent in mute despair,
And wildly droops her lovely hair ;
Her gleaming girdle thrown aside,
Resplendent still in jewelled pride,
How mocks its diamond's radiant smile,
The tears in those blue eyes the while !
A withered rose is at her feet ;—
Wet with those tears, it still is sweet.
Ah ! not the only flower whose light
Is lost in sorrow's shower to-night !
A rose was on that eloquent face
When last I marked its glowing grace ;
Her happy heart's warm crimson tide
Its soft and changing bloom supplied :

The heart is chilled ! the cheek is pale !
Sweet flowers must die when fountains fail.
And what has wrought this wretched change ?
Alas ! 'tis nothing new or strange !
Her smile within the festive hall,
Was saved for one who smiled on all.
Ah ! reckless tone and wandering look,
A maiden's spirit ill may brook :
Yet this has Marion met to-night,
With clouded heart and look all light.
Not one throughout the wearying dance
Wore wilder joy of word and glance ;
No lighter form, no sunnier eye,
No freer footstep floated by.
And now 'tis o'er, the hated task,
And idle now the mirthful mask ;
Quick sobs of anger, grief, and shame,
Like storm-struck blossom bow her frame ;
The azure fire that filled her eyes,
Is quenched in tears, that blinding rise ;
And quivering lip, and pallid cheek,
The young heart's tale of suffering speak.
Ah ! beating heart ! and blooming flower !
Your fate is one : one glorious hour,

Ye breathe your wealth of sweetness forth
For those, who feel not half your worth ;
The next—'neath cold and reckless eyes—
The full heart breaks !—the blossom dies !

LEONOR.

LEONOR loved a noble youth,
But light was Leonor's maiden truth ;
She left her love for wealth forsooth.
Faithless Leonor !

Now she paces a palace-hall ;
Lords and ladies await her call,—
Wearily Leonor turns from all.
Haughty Leonor !

Leonor lies on a couch of down ;
The jewel-light of a ducal crown
Gleams through her tresses of sunlit brown.
Beautiful Leonor !

Leonor's robe is a tissue of gold,
 Flashing with splendour in every fold ;
 Bracelets of gems on her arms are rolled.
 Radiant Leonor !

Diamonds sparkle in Leonor's zone,
 With a star-like glory in every stone ;
 But the heart they smile o'er is cold and lone.
 Joyless Leonor !

To be free once more she would give them all,—
 The crown, the couch, and the sculptured hall,
 And the robe with its rich and shining fall.
 Poor, poor Leonor !

Like a captive bird, through her cage's bar
 Of gold she looks on her home afar,
 And it woos her there like a holy star.
 Vainly, Leonor !

Leonor's lip has lost its bloom,
 Her proud blue eyes are dark with gloom ;
 She will sleep in peace in her early tomb.
 Lonely Leonor !

THE FAREWELL SONG OF THE AERONAUT.

THE cord has been severed that bound me below,
The sport of the elements soaring I go ;
My dwelling a toy—that the changeable breeze,
Like a child wild and wayward, can break if it please
Should the four winds of heaven be meeting to-day,
A fine game of football the giants will play ;
Ah ! little they'll reck in their glorious glee,
That what's sport to them may be ruin to me :
That the poor little football might come off the worst
It is but a bubble—the bubble may burst,
And I—like the far-fabled child of the sun,
Too rashly assuming the reins he had won,
And skilless to guide his wild coursers of fire,
The victim of idle and daring desire,
By the touch of the Thunderer cast from his car,
From heaven, a blazing and beautiful star,—
I too may be whelmed in the wild rolling wave,
No loved one to weep amber-tears o'er my grave !
My pathway with danger, with death may be fraught
Oh ! who will not pity the rash Aeronaut !

Yet with heaven all before me, kind wishes behind,
 I give my light fears like my car to the wind ;
 My flag to the breeze—my life to the keeping
 Of Him, the all-merciful, strong, and unsleeping ;
 Unseen by whose eye not a sparrow can fall,
 And whose word keeps the elements ever in thrall.
 Content to be wafted thus far on my way,
 By the prayer of the pensive, the laugh of the gay ;
 While thousands of rosy lips smile as I go,
 No idle misgiving the rover can know :
 For the bright eyes of childhood in wonder uprais'd,
 And the glance of fair woman met mine as I gaz'd ;
 And blest was the fancy that over me stole,—
 “ A wish for my safety may be in her soul,
 Her prayers may be mine, when alone and afar,
 The Aeronaut sighs in his desolate car ! ”

The world has a thousand resources for all ;
 But the thrill of strange joy, when I broke from
 its thrall,
 Was worth all its gifts, and exulting I thought,
 Oh ! who would not envy the gay Aeronaut !

GABRIELLE.

IN ILLUSTRATION OF AN ENGRAVING.

You can see it on her saddened lip,
And in her serious glance ;
She is thinking of her own dear home,
Afar in pleasant France :
And she looks as if the tears
Were this moment going to rise,
From her little heaving heart,
To her black and brilliant eyes.
She's a pretty creature—isn't she ?
I know her very well ;
She'll be seven years old to-morrow,
And her name is Gabrielle.

Shall I tell you all about her ?
Such a charming little girl !
Her spirit is as soft, and light,
And careless as her curl :
Her curls ! you cannot see them now,
They're tucked beneath that frill ;
But sometimes o'er her baby brow
She lets them wave at will.

She is far away from home,
Yet her soul is full of love,
And the stranger's heart receives her
As it would a wandering dove.
And many a cold and careless lip
Has caught, as by a spell,
A smile and tone of tenderness,
From gentle Gabrielle.

And thus, though she is sorrowing now,
She is not often so,
For the very power of "loving much"
Is happiness, you know.
And in each living thing she sees,
In every bird and flower,
The simple, earnest, guileless child
Can find a pleasing power.
Then, if at times unbidden,
The bright warm tears will start,
When the shadow of her distant home
Goes o'er her happy heart,
They glisten on her glowing cheek
As beautiful and brief,
As drops of sunny morning dew
Upon a rose's leaf:

And in a moment more, a smile
Is dimpling where they fell,
So happy and so good is she,
The stranger, Gabrielle.

She's a very pleasant playmate,
Should you like such an one?
You cannot think how fond she is
Of frolic and of fun!
She dances like a fairy,
She warbles like a bird,
Her laugh has more of melody
Than any I have heard.
Ah! when she blooms in womanhood
I'm sure she'll be a belle;
With those rich lips and dazzling eyes,
Bewitching Gabrielle!

If ever you should chance to meet
A loving little girl,
With a cap, like this one, lightly tied
O'er many a silken curl;
With a mouth of earnest sweetness,
And a softly rounded cheek,
And eyes that richly eloquent
A sunbright spirit speak;—

If she look just like this picture,
 And be sure you mark it well,
 For 'tis the very image
 Of the graceful Gabrielle ;—

If, like some wild flower smiling
 On every passer by,
 With many a pretty wile, she watch
 To win your youthful eye :
 Then take her by her little hand,
 And say you love her well ;
 And should she whisper, “ Je vous aime,”
 You'll know 'tis Gabrielle.

LOVE'S COMPARISON.

“ Off with the old love, and on with the new.”

MUST I tell thee, Georgiana,
 Of my cousin Caroline ?
 How the pretty creature sported with
 This wayward heart of mine ?

Oh ! her eyes were blue as heaven, love,
But not so blue as thine,
And yet I almost idolized
The eyes of Caroline.

Her soft hair rippled to her waist
In waves of golden light,
Giving glimpses of a shoulder
That was exquisitely white ;
Thine own has just that sunny fall
But silkier far than hers,
And a fairer neck gleams through them
While the wind their beauty stirs.
Ah ! fondly (when she'd let me),
Did I those tresses twine,
But it was not near so pleasant, love,
' As playing thus with thine !

Her laugh was like a fairy's laugh,
So musical and sweet,
Her foot was like a fairy's foot,
So dainty and so fleet ;
Her smile was fitful sunshine,
Her hand was dimpled snow,

Her lip a very rosebud
In sweetness and in glow ;
But I know a lighter footstep,
More melodious a laugh,
A hand that's swansdown to the touch,
More soft than her's by half,
And a smile with more of angel-power
To brighten and to bless,
And a lip, that (if you'd let me),
I would perish but to press !
Ah ! dearly did I love to hold
Her little hand in mine,
But I was not half so happy, sweet,
As now in taking thine !

Her cheek was very eloquent,
For there her feelings spoke,
Like summer's rosy lightning,
The colour o'er it broke ;
While bewitching smiles and dimples
Changed its beautiful repose,
Like the zephyr and the sunshine
At play upon a rose.

But I know a cheek whose blushes,
As they trembling come and go,
I could gaze upon for ever,
If it did not pain thee so ;
She never sought to shun my gaze—
My petted Caroline,
And yet I'd give her sunniest look
For one dear blush of thine.

Now prythee do not call
My cousin Carry—a coquet !
When I tell you she had dangles
By the dozen in her net ;
For she was very beautiful,
Bewildering and bright,
And I own, her pretty, winning ways
And words, bewitched me quite.
Ah ! I even now remember
That sweet madness with a sigh,
Nay, do not draw the hand away,
Nor droop the doubting eye ;
But think, if I was dazzled thus
By careless Caroline,
How much more fondly I shall prize
So pure a heart as thine !

TO LIZZIE.

MINE own sweet sister, wheresoe'er I go
I hear thy voice melodiously low ;
Thine eyes, thy soft, dark, eloquent, loving eyes
Before me in remembered beauty rise !

Doth nature robe her form in rich array,
Wreathing her brow with stars for jewels rare !
Zoning her waist with the green moss of May,
And broid'ring all her vest with blossoms fair ?

Do her sweet tones—sweet as thine own the while,
Forth from my home my willing feet allure,
To wander in the warm light of her smile,
And bare my forehead to her breathing pure !

I sigh and think—if thou wert with me now,
Exulting in thy youth, and health, and glee,
How wouldst thou toss the ringlets from thy brow,
And join in all her joyous revelry !

How would thy heart's enthusiast pulses beat,
Thy voice with all its wealth of music rise,
Her ever changing melody to meet,
Love in thy soul, and rapture in thine eyes!

Oh! sweetest, loveliest! would that thou wert here,
Heaven loses half her holy light to me;
Earth is ungraced with all her spring-tide gear,
And life itself worth little without thee!

THE MORNING WALK, OR THE STOLEN BLUSH.

A LOVER'S LAY.

NEVER tell me that cheek is not painted, false maid!
'Tis a fib, tho' your pretty lip pouts while I say it;
And if the cheat were not already betrayed,
Those exquisite blushes themselves would betray it

But listen! this morning you rose ere the dawn,
To keep an appointment perhaps—with Apollo?
And finding a fairy foot-print on the lawn,
Which I could not mistake, I determined to follow.

To the hill-side I track'd it, and tripping above me,
Her sun-ringlets flying and jewelled with dew,
A maiden I saw!—now the truth, if you love me—
But why should I question—I'm sure it was you!

And you cannot deny you were met in ascending,—
I meanwhile pursuing my truant by stealth,—
By a blooming young seraph, who turned and
attending
Your steps, said her name was “ the Spirit of
Health.”

Meantime thro' the mist of transparent vermillion
That suddenly flooded the brow of the hill,
All fretted with gold rose Aurora's pavilion,
Illumining meadow, and mountain, and rill.

And Health floating up through the luminous air,
Dipped her fingers of snow in those clouds grow-
ing bright ;
Then turned and dashed down o'er her votary fair
A handful of rose-beams that bathed her in light.

Even yet they're at play here and there in your form,
Thro' your fingers they steal to the white taper tips,
Now rush to that cheek its soft dimples to warm,
Now deepen the crimson that lives in your lips.

Will you tell me again, with that scorn-lighted eye,
That you do not use paint—while such tinting is
there?

While the glow still affirms what the glance would
deny?

No! in future disclaim the sweet theft if you dare!

VICTORIA.

ON HER WAY TO GUILDHALL.

THEY told me the diamond-tiar on her head
Gleam'd out like chain-lightning amid her soft hair,
They told me the many-hued glory it shed
Seem'd a rainbow still playing resplendently there;
I marked not the gem's regal lustre the while,
I saw but her sunny, her soul-illumed smile.

They told me the plume floated over her face,
Like a snowy cloud shading the rose-light of morn :
I saw not the soft feather's tremulous grace,
I watched but the being by whom it was worn ;
I watched her white brow as benignly it bent,
While the million-voiced welcome the air around
rent.

They told me the rich silken robe that she wore
Was of exquisite texture and loveliest dye,
Embroidered with blossoms of silver all o'er,
And clasp'd with pure jewels that dazzled the eye :
I saw not, I thought not of clasp, robe, or wreath,
I thought of the timid heart beating beneath.

I was born in a land where they bend not the knee,
Save to One—unto whom even monarchs bow down :
But lo ! as I gazed, in my breast springing free,
Love knelt to her sweetness, forgetting her crown ;
And my heart might have challenged the myriads
there,
For the warmth of its praise, and the truth of its
prayer.

And to her—to that maiden, young, innocent, gay,
With the wild-rose of childhood yet warm on her
cheek,

And a spirit, scarce calmed from its infantine play
Into woman's deep feeling, devoted and meek ;
To her—in the bloom of her shadowless youth—
Proud millions are turning with chivalrous truth.

It is right,—the All-judging hath ordered it so ;
In the light of His favour the pure maiden stands :
And who, that has gazed on that cheek's modest
glow,

Would not yield without murmur his fate to her
hands ?

Trust on, noble Britons ! trust freely the while !
I would stake my soul's hope on the truth of that
smile !

THE WELCOMING WORD.

My own beloved home I left,
Fearless of every future care;
I left—(how could I—thus bereft?)
My precious mother weeping there.

And as her last kiss warmed my cheek,
A chill came o'er my fainting heart;
A strange, cold calm, no words can speak—
How could I from my mother part!

Weary I crossed the reckless main,
And every wave but seemed a strong
And iron link within the chain,
“The lengthening chain I dragged along.”

At last the destined shore they traced;
I turned away in wordless pain,
And saw, beyond “the watery waste,”
My mother and my home again.

An exile, ill in heart and frame,—
A wanderer, weary of the way,—
A stranger, without love's sweet claim
On any heart, go where I may !

Oh ! England ! strange and cold to me !
When first my footsteps trod thy shore,
I felt I'd give the world to be
With mother, and at home once more !

But sweetly, while I mourned my doom,
One silvery voice a welcome spoke ;
One smile, all radiant through the gloom
Of sorrow's night, like starlight broke.

And back with that soft glance and tone
A faint sweet dream of childhood flew ;
Those eyes before had met mine own,—
That voice—it was a voice I knew.

Ah ! none can like the stranger tell,
How much of joy a look may give !
How high the power, how deep the spell,
That in a welcoming word may live !

TO MARY P. WILLIS.

WHILE, in its light exulting, looks,
O'er many a stream the eye of day,
The tiniest of the dimpled brooks
May sparkle in the blessed ray.

Mary, though richer gifts than mine
Should come to claim thy happy smile,
This offering "from my heart to thine"—
Oh! will it be forgot the while?

Yon heaven in splendour shines o'er all;
The beams that light the queenly rose,
Upon the violet too will fall,
And cheer and bless it while it blows.

Sweet! while some gifted poet twines
A prouder wreath of rhyme for thee;
Let but thy blue eyes love my lines,
And read them, and remember me!

TO GEORGE P——, ESQ.

On his commissioning the Author to purchase for him some Land-
scapes, by Doughty—a Summer and Winter Scene.

Less proudly and well had the painter pourtray'd
His own mountain-land with its sunshine and shade,
Were the wealth of his genius less lavishly lent
To the landscape where grandeur and beauty are
 blent;

For thee they would still wear a magical grace,
Which time cannot alter, or chances efface;
For the thought of that impulse, so noble and kind,
Which prompted their purchase will be in thy mind;
And the sweet recollection will hallow to thee,
Each curve of the cloud and each tint of the tree!
Hadst thou watch'd the proud Artist with me, when
 his eyes

Were suddenly lifted in joy and surprise,
While I, full of childlike emotion, imparted
That pleasant behest from the warm and high-
 hearted,

Thou wouldst bless heaven's goodness for giving
thee power

To soothe, for the lonely, one sorrowful hour !

For myself,—I was touched by thy courtesy free,
And tho' poor this return for thy kindness may be,
Be assured thou hast won, by that generous deed,
Something more than the Artist's or rhyme-weaver's
meed ;—

An esteem, that, surviving the painting's rich hue,
Its verdure's warm tinting,—its sky's sunny blue,—
The rivulet's ripple,—the cloud's snowy breast,—
So soft, it might lure a young seraph to rest,—
Will glow, with as true and as fervent a light,
When they are all lost in oblivion's night !

And now let me pray that thy " summer" of life
May be still, like the landscape, with radiance rife,
That the sunshine of friendship or love light the
scene,

And the stream of benevolence freshen its green !
Then if haply a cloud o'er thy " winter" should go,
The rose-light of memory round it will glow,
And the cold snows of age gather smiles from her
ray,

That shall pleasantly shine to the close of thy day.

THE SPOILT PUPIL OF FANCY.

I do not love the teacher,
I do not love the school;
I cannot bear to talk, and walk,
And look, and smile, by rule.

Oh! such a stupid lesson
As I have learned to-day,
About that tiresome prism,
And the sun's refracted ray.

I'd rather watch the rainbow,
In coloured light arrayed,
Than study how it came there,
Or how its arch was made.

I'd rather play with flowers,
Beside the fountain free,
Or in our garden bowers,
Where they always smile on me.

While they glory in the sunshine,
 While they revel in the air,
 What for their long, hard Latin names
 Do glowing roses care ?

My teacher tears their leaves apart,
 Their order—class—to know ;
 I wonder she can have the heart
 To treat a blossom so !

Once, if a flower were dying,
 On a sultry summer's day,
 I could hear its spirit sighing
 Her balmy life away !

And now, alas ! must Learning's lamp
 The lovely dream consume ;
 And haughty hum-drum Reason
 Must dim my bower's bloom !

I hate my teasing teacher,
 I hate to learn by rule ;
 I had a pleasanter governess
 Before I went to school !

She taught me prettier lessons—
And easier too by far ;
She bade me think the silver moon
A warbling seraph's car.

And when I saw it gliding slow
The wreathed clouds amid,
And caught the gleam of spirit-steeds,
That pawed the heavens half-hid ;

While round them softly glistened
The starry train of fire ;
How earnestly I listened
To hear the heavenly choir !

She said, the sunny rainbow
Was a band of brilliant flowers,
Linking heaven and earth together
In the lovely summer hours !

By cherub fingers braided,
In haunts of bliss above,
And flung in angel-play to earth,
A token of their love !

But now, instead of looking
For the violet divine,
For the heaven-born tulip's glory,
And the rose's blush benign ;

For the tears and smiles of cherubs
Shed o'er that garland gay,—
I shall think of the rain-drop prism,
And the sun's refracted ray !

Oh ! a thousand lovely lessons
My playmate taught of yore ;
And a thousand thrilling sights I saw
Which I shall see no more.

For Fancy was my teacher's name—
A frolic sprite was she,—
She bore me on her wings to heaven,
She led me through the sea.

There marked I many a floating hall,
By coral columns graced ;
And many a dim sea-vision
Through the crystal walls I traced.

I traced them by the dazzling light
Of jewels rich and rare,
That hung in garlands round about,
And made a glory there.

The walls were all of crystal,
But the sea waves were the floor ;
And ocean-sylphs were gliding
Its gleamy surface o'er.

Between the rosy pillars,
Some gaily darting by,
In curved shells of varied hue,
Their pearly oars did ply.

Some were their ringlets wreathing
With strange and gleaming flowers ;
Plucked by the gold-fish's fitful light,
In ocean's darkling bowers.

Ah ! many a scene beyond the stars,
Of rapture pure and free,
And many a dim sea-vision
Did I and Fancy see !

But we must part for ever,
My playmate sweet and I,—
She to some heart as wild as mine—
I to Reality!

THE HEART'S-EASE EXPIRING.

THE sunny-eyed flower looked smiling up,
Happy, though failing fast;
And a sweet voice stole from its closing cup,—
Poor thing! it was breathing its last!

“Well!” said the blossom, “I’m dying it seems!
And why should I fear to die?
I’ve had my share of life-warm beams
From the spirit of light on high.

“Oh! when the queen-rose, in her beauty and bloom
O’ershadowing poor little me,
Seemed to bid all the glory of heaven illumine
Her own wealth of leaves opened free.

“ She little imagined the sun’s loved smile,
Which she deemed was delighted to find her,
Was playing bopeep through her stems the while
With the happy Heart’s-ease behind her !

“ She little imagined, when Zephyrus bore
On his pinions her rich warm sighs,
At the same time he borrowed from my little store
An offering sweet for the skies.

“ She did not perceive, as she blushing bent
Her brow to his playful caresses,
How he slyly stole o’er, and, on mischief intent,
My modest cheek covered with kisses !

“ And she never e’endreamed, when the maidengay
Came to look at her beautiful pet,
That she wore my smile in her heart away,
While her own grew sunnier yet.

“ I am sure she will miss me the very next time
Her fairy feet glide that way ;
And what will the herald of day’s sweet prime—
Oh ! what will the sunbeam say ?

“ When he comes to-morrow, and glances round
 For the poor Heart’s-ease in vain,
 Will his smile be dimm’d as he reaches the ground,
 Will he wish for my welcome again ?

“ And Zephyr too after his soft repose
 On the heart of some night-blooming flower,
 Will his kiss be cold for the queenly rose ?
 Will he ask why I fled from her bower ?

“ I have borne every change of my humble lot
 With a smiling and shadowless eye ;
 And heaven’s warm smile has been never forgot
 When the storm swept sullenly by.

“ My life has been innocent, lovely and pure,
 And all my heart’s wealth I have given ;
 Tho’ tempests would threaten, and sunbeams lure,
 Still smiling and true unto Heaven.

“ A philosopher said, as he passed me one day,
 That nothing was lost upon earth ;
 Who knows but I’ll spring up some fine summer day
 In a loftier, lovelier birth ?

“ Whatever it is, ’twill be happy and bright,—
For where could this sunny heart go,
If not into some form of beauty and light?—
At least, I will fancy it so !

“ Ah me ! I must bid my gay sisters farewell !
Sweet Zephyr receive my last sigh !
Oh ! breathe for the Heart’s-ease one requiem knell !
I tremble—I wither—I die !”

THE LOVER’S APPEAL TO THE PAINTER.

How ! paint Julie in colours
From earthly mixture made !
Presumptuous mortal ! what art thou
That wouldst my love degrade ?

Go, dip thy brush in heaven,
When bluest are her skies,
The deep warm hue of summer,
To paint those laughing eyes.

And clothe its point in sunlight,
 With a shadow here and there,
 If thou wouldst give the gleamy wave
 Of her luxuriant hair.

Be sure thou be not sparing,
 But with hand all free and bold,
 And generous in its daring,
 Pour on the glowing gold.

And when it floats around her,
 Like a fountain's spray of light,
 With its rich ripples bathing
 Her shoulders snowy white ;

Then gaze again above thee,
 And if the dying day
 Has left its burning blushes there,
 Oh ! snatch the rosy ray !

And round her sportive dimples
 Those hues of beauty trace,
 Till heaven itself reflected seems
 Within her radiant face.

Alas ! the tints of loveliness,
If thou couldst thus obtain,
The lustre of the lovely tress,
The cheeks transparent stain ;—

What will they be, with all thy care,
Without the impassioned soul,
That pleads so eloquently there,
And animates the whole ?

SONG.—THE FORSAKEN.

I SUNNED myself once in her smile—
She has turned its soft beam upon one
Who cares not a pin for her, while
He triumphs, and I am undone !

I lived on the sweets of her lip—
I must seek for a supper elsewhere !—
Another that banquet may sip !
Another may play with her hair !

And why is my rival so dear?
And why is she out when I call?
His income's a thousand a year!—
And mine, it is—nothing at all!

IMPROMPTU.—TO ANNIE.

HER silken lash was drooping,
At first she could not speak,
But th' eloquent colour trembling rose
Upon her youthful cheek :
At last the words found way,
And tears, till then unshed ;
In low and faltering tones she spoke,—
“ My birds! they are both dead !”
Sweet girl! if in thy heart
A bird is cherished so,
What wealth of love for human friends
Within its shrine must glow !

THE PET.

A STAGE-COACH INCIDENT.

SOME dear little fellow she chattered about,
Whom she was to call for, and take on her route;
"The sweet little creature, my precious, my own—
The darling!—I wonder how much he has grown!
They've taught him some clever accomplishments
here;—

I long to behold him, the dear little dear!
With his dark, melting eyes, and his curling silk
hair—

If I don't see him soon, I shall die, I declare!
They say that his bow's the perfection of grace;
And there's such an expression of soul in his face!
The contour of his head is allowed to be fine;
And his nose!—oh! it is absolutely divine!
And then so bewitching his eloquent whine,
When he puts his (I thought she said "hand")
into mine.

I have taught him to kiss me so cunning and sweet—
You'll see how he does it as soon as we meet.
You know Lady Seraphine Languish—they say

She has hers washed in lavender three times a day ;
And the nurse, who is hired on purpose to hold it,
Says her orders are never to tease or to scold it.
Every morning she takes the pet out with her lady,
To walk in the park where it's pleasant and shady.
Lady Languish's plans I should scorn to be stealing,
But the world shall not say I am wanting in feeling ;
And if Sir Astley Cooper dont think it is wrong,
Eugenio shall bathe in ' Boquet de haut ton.'
Some people, I'm told, really laugh at my whim
In making so petted a darling of him :
Thank heaven ! my heart is more gentle and tender,
(And tears, as she spoke, dimmed her eye's sunny
splendour) :
Do you know, that last year, when I lay at death's
door,
And physicians and friends thought that all hope
was o'er,—
When my husband and little Louisa, you know—
My youngest—whom every one's spoiling so ;
When they were forbidden to enter the room,
Lest the sound of a whisper should hasten my
doom,—
My darling Eugenio close to me crept,
With a look of such pathos that I could have wept !”

Overcome by emotion, or failing in breath,
She paus'd ; and reflecting, I sigh'd while I smil'd,
For I thought, the poor boy will be petted to death—
What a pity to spoil so enchanting a child !
But while I mus'd thus, the coach stopp'd at a gate;
Now, said I, I shall see all these infantine charms :
The lady leaned forward, with rapture elate,
And a nice little—lap-dog ! jumped into her arms !

NONE ARE POOR.

ALAS ! for the gay, who in gorgeous array,
And chariots of pride, to God's altars are rolled :
They would turn from a love-breathing seraph away
If he came not apparelled in purple and gold !

She stood 'mid the splendid insignia of wealth ;
But the jewels that shone o'er her beauty and bloom
Were less fair than the sunny ray, smiling by stealth
Through the rose-tinted damask that shaded the
room !

In the flash of her glance there was passion and
pride.

In the curve of her lip there was haughty contempt,
As she spoke of the power to riches allied,
Of the evil and pain from which she was exempt.

Another stood by, with a soul in her eye,
Out-glowing in lustre the sun-ray and gem ;
And a fount in that soul of warm feeling and high,
Whose least emanation was worth all of them.

She had pass'd thro' the shadow and sunlight of life,
She had learn'd in its storms to exult and endure ;
And her gentle reply with sweet wisdom was rife—
“ To me, there are none in the universe—poor ! ”

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

As if she only sought the earth to bear
Her smile into our hearts, and leave it there,
Our cherub came and went—the tie was riven ;
Her spirit wears a brighter smile in Heaven !

THE ROSE IN ICE.

SHE has a glowing heart, they say,
Though calm her seeming be ;
And oft that warm heart's lovely play
Upon her cheek I see.

Her cheek is almost always pale,
And marble cold it seems,
But a soft colour trembles there
At times, in rosy gleams !

Some sudden throb of love, or grief,
Or pity, or delight,
And lo ! a flush of beauty—brief,
But passionately bright !

She minds me of a rose I found
In a far southern land,—
A robe of ice its blushes bound,
By winter breezes fanned.

But softly through the crystal veil
That gleamed about its form,
There came a fitful glow to tell
The flower beneath was warm!

And thus, though cold her seeming be,
Her cheek so calmly fair,
Her spirit, struggling to be free,
Doth often tremble there!

ELLEN'S FIRST TOOTH.

YOUR mouth is a rose-bud,
And in it a pearl
Lies smiling and snowy,
My own little girl!
Oh! pure pearl of promise!
It is thy first tooth—
How closely thou shuttest
The rose-bud, forsooth!

But let me peep in it,
The fair thing to view—
Nay! only a minute—
Dear Ellen! now do!
You wont? little miser,
To hide the gem so!
Some day you'll be wiser,
And show them, I know!
How dear is the pleasure—
My fears for thee past—
To know the white treasure
Has budded at last!
Fair child! may each hour
A rose-blossom be,
And hide in its flower
Some jewel for thee!

EPIGRAM.

THE boot pinch'd hard—the suffering dandy sigh'd!
Jane fondly thought the sigh her beauty's due;
“Bootless your passion, sir!” she proudly cried;
“Ah!” said the fop, “Would I were bootless too!”

FAZRY.

HER hands clasped in anguish—her black eyes
bent low,
With motionless grace, as if sculptured in stone,
Half veiled by her dark hair's magnificent flow,
Sweet Fazry is standing—a captive—alone !

“Kara Aly !”—the statue awakes to that name,
As the marble grew warm 'neath the love-spell of old !
Lo ! her pale cheek is kindling with beautiful shame,
And her eye is on fire with emotion untold !

“ Frail flower of Kazan ! you were nursed from
your birth,
Amid luxuries rarest and richest of earth ;—
Why left you that home, with the fierce mountain-
chief ? ”

“ I loved him ! ” she murmured, in passionate grief.

“ So young and so lovely, a cavern your home !
Ne'er languished that spirit for freedom to roam ?
Rude dwelling for creature so fragile and fair ! ”
She raised her rich eyes—“ Kara Aly was there ! ”

MAY-DAY IN NEW ENGLAND.

CAN this be May? Can this be May?
We have not found a flower to-day!
We roamed the wood—we climbed the hill—
We rested by the rushing rill—
And lest they had forgot the day,
We told them it was May, dear May!
We called the sweet, wild blooms by name—
We shouted, and no answer came!
From smiling field, or solemn hill—
From rugged rock, or rushing rill—
We only bade the pretty pets
Just breathe from out their hiding-places;
We told the little, light coquettes
They need'nt show their bashful faces,—
“ One sigh,” we said, “ one fragrant sigh,
We'll soon discover where you lie!”
The roguish things were still as death—
They would'nt even breathe a breath.
Alas! there's none so deaf, I fear,
As those who do not choose to hear!

We wandered to an open place,
And sought the sunny buttercup,
That, so delighted, in your face
Just like a pleasant smile looks up.
We peeped into a shady spot,
To find the blue "Forget-me-not!"
At last a far-off voice we heard,
A voice as of a fountain-fall,
That softer than a singing-bird,
Did answer to our merry call!
So wildly sweet the breezes brought
That tone in every pause of ours,
That we, delighted, fondly thought
It must be talking of the flowers!
We knew the violets loved to hide
The cool and lulling wave beside:—
With song, and laugh, and bounding feet,
And wild hair wandering on the wind,
We swift pursued the murmurs sweet;
But not a blossom could we find;—
The cowslip, crocus, columbine,
The violet, and the snow-drop fine,
The orchis 'neath the hawthorn tree,
The blue-bell and anemone,

The wild-rose, eglantine, and daisy,
Where are they all?—they must be lazy!
Perhaps they're playing "Hide and seek"—
Oh, naughty flowers! why dont you speak?
We have not found a flower to-day,—
They surely cannot know 'tis May!

You have not found a flower to-day!—
What's that upon your cheek, I pray?
A blossom pure, and sweet, and wild,
And worth all Nature's blooming wealth;
Not all in vain your search, my child!—
You've found at least the rose of health!
The golden buttercup, you say,
That like a smile illumines the way,
Is nowhere to be seen to-day.
Fair child! upon that beaming face
A softer, lovelier smile I trace;
A treasure, as the sunshine bright,—
A glow of love and wild delight!
Then pine no more for Nature's toy—
You've found at least the flower of joy.
Yes! in a heart so young, and gay,
And kind as yours, 'tis always May!

For gentle feelings, love, are flowers
That bloom thro' life's most clouded hours !
Ah ! cherish them, my happy child,
And check the weeds that wander wild ;
And while their stainless wealth is given,
In incense sweet, to earth and heaven,
No longer will you need to say—
“ Can this be May ? Can this be May ? ”

VIRGINIA.

I saw her first—a petted child,
Her eyes were blue as heaven ;
Her cheek was dimpled when she smiled
Her lips a rose-bud riven.

Her form, the prettiest in the world,
Her step—a fairy's flight,
Her hair like shaded sunshine, curled
In clusters wild and bright.

“ A child,” I said,—so artless, wild,
And full of mirth her mien;
You’d deem her but a lovely child
Though she was just fifteen.

I met her on her way to school,
The snow fell swift and still;
The morn was clear and bright, but cool,
And I had felt the chill.

But idly at that childlike form
Fierce Winter flung his dart;
Her frolic feet had kept her warm,
And Love was at her heart.

Her small straw bonnet backward flung,
Her cloak, blown here and there,
While drops of snow like jewels hung
In her disordered hair.—

That dimpled cheek was flushed and bright,
A smile was on her lip;
Her eyes were full of wild delight,
And gay her graceful trip.

She seemed a sunbeam in my way,
The vision warmed my heart,
And Memory kept the blessed ray
Long after we did part.

Years went—again her path I've crossed,
Ah! from that form and face;
What depth of bloom and light are lost,
What wealth of artless grace.

The world has won her—she has learned
Its measured smile and tread;
The foot, that once the snow-flake spurned,
By courtly rule is led.

And Fashion's hand has smoothed the fold
Of that luxuriant hair,
Where once the tress of glossy gold
Waved wildly on the air.

Yet oft, unbidden, to her eyes
Quick tears of Feeling start,
And while those gems of truth arise,
She's still a child at heart.

Alas ! in all her Beauty's power,
Proud, stately, and serene ;
She knows not one bright thrilling hour
Like those of gay fifteen !

THE DEATH OF THE TWO FLOWERS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

" I PRAY thee do not blossom yet,
My fairy rose,—my pretty pet !
Let not the wooing light and air
Beguile those tender leaves apart :
But keep thy wealth of incense there,
With Patience at thy blooming heart.
Hold back—my precious ! yet awhile,
Thy fragrant breath and glowing smile ;
I'd rather close beside thee go,
And catch thy fitful sweetness so ;
I'd rather look the leaves between,
That love to veil thy virgin sheen,
Than have them yielded fair and free
To idle eyes, that love not thee :

For well I know the hour that sees
Thy bloom the plaything of the breeze,
Will see thee sigh that bloom away,
And I shall mourn my flower's decay!
Then oh! not now those petals ope,
Keep thou thy smile, and I my hope!"

Thus sang our playful Rosaline,
Herself a bud of promise rare,
With blooming cheek, and brow serene,
And step and heart as light as air.
At morn she sang!—When evening shed
Her silvery smile o'er Rosa's head:
All lifeless lay the tresses fair,
That floated on that early air.
All pale in Death's cold shadow, now,
The dimpled cheek and smiling brow,
While blushed her rose in full blown pride,
A glowing mockery by her side!
Yes! still its useless life is bore!
The human blossom breathed no more!
Alas! the flower had kept its bloom
To shed it o'er her early tomb.
Ere morning's feet yon mountain pressed,
It died on that unconscious breast!

TO MISS M——.

I KNOW that thou art beautiful,—
In dreams I see thy face,
I see its dimples come and go
Like light in frolic grace.
Thy rich eyes steal before mine own
'Neath lashes long and dark,
And on thy softly rounded cheek,
The maiden bloom I mark.
And why is this? what wizard spell
Hath touched with prophet power
My fancy thus? a simple thing—
A tone—a word—a flower!
I heard thy voice—so gaily sweet—
I could not choose to guess,
The mouth that breath'd it wreath'd with smiles
Of playful loveliness.
It spoke to one whose tiny lips
To lisp thy name shall learn,
Though now they can but murmur soft
And answering smiles return.

In gentle words of love they spoke,
And I was very sure,
That all thy looks were eloquent,
With feeling high and pure.

I know that thou art beautiful,—
For thou hast told me so,
In a sweet language that I learned
Of Flora long ago.
Thou'st sent me from thy garden bower
The latest rosebud there,
Its blush was eloquent, its leaves
Were rife with meaning rare ;
It told of virgin bloom and hope,
And modesty and truth ;
Ah ! what so fit as fragrant flowers
To emblem sunny youth ?
It touched a weary stranger's heart,
That one she had not known,
Could give a kindly thought to her
In sadness and alone ;
It minded her of days gone by,
When Love's untiring hand
Wove blossoms for her youthful brow,
In many a graceful band.

Ah ! far away from home and friends,
That heart still warmly beats
With something of its olden joy,
When such as thou she meets !
And oft in future dreams shall rise
The eye and glossy curl,
The soft rose-bloom and dimple
Of the sweet-voiced English girl !

TO MRS. W——.

Be sure, though gay my seeming be, that pensive
wish of thine
Breathed from the heart, an echo found, a mourn-
ful one in mine ;
Yet, half with doubting tone you said, “ and let
the lay be sad ;”
Ah ! could you guess the effort that I make in
seeming glad !

You cannot!—bless'd as now you are, with friends,
and home, and all,
That in th' exulting joy of love "our own" we
fondly call :
The loved and loving faces that you've known so
long and well,
The dear, familiar places where your childish foot-
steps fell,—
Where you joined with careless heart and free,
your playmates' blooming band ;
Ah ! happy then as now, in this,—you trod your
native land !

You cannot!—for you are not doom'd in hopelessness
to roam,
To sigh with clasping hands in vain—"my coun-
try and my home !"
Should stern Misfortune visit you, or Pain your
couch attend,
A mother, loving and beloved, would fondly o'er
you bend ;
If Sorrow wound that gentle breast, or Joy the
hour beguile,
A sister weeps in sympathy, or shares the happy
smile.

My precious mother, far away, her absent child
doth mourn !

My sister checks the merry laugh, and sighs for
my return !—

Her dark eye's lovely lustre bewildering and bright,
Her cheek's deep bloom and dimple soft, that mocks
the gazer's sight,

Are often dimmed with tears for me, while I, alone
and sad,

Must make a weary effort still to seem serene and
glad !

With one joy to my wanderings left—the loved
ones cannot guess,

In their bright home beyond the wave, my exile-
wretchedness !

Ah ! gay to you my smile may seem, 'tis but the
lightning brief,

That flashes from a darkened soul, thro' gather-
ing clouds of grief ;

And ever when the light is past, the tears are in
mine eyes—

Tears that relieve the full, full heart, as showers
clear the skies.

But enough of selfish sorrow,—let me speak of
happier things,
Of the countless kindly deeds and words that cheer
my wanderings ;
Oh! English hearts are warm and true, and English
voices sweet,
And sweetest when the wanderer with welcoming
they greet.
But 'mid the many gentle tones whose music I have
known,
None have touch'd, with softer influence, my spirit
than your own ;
And if some sunny moments yet are mine of
genuine mirth,
Their light has half been stolen from your happy
household hearth :
And I shall cherish, as I would a sweet but with-
ered flower,
The memory, in my “ heart of heart,” of many a
social hour.
My thanks are thine,—my simple verse, if it be
far from glad,
Remember, that with doubting tone, you bade the
song be sad.

YOUR HEART IS A MUSIC-BOX, DEAREST!

A LOVE SONG.

YOUR heart is a music-box, dearest !
With exquisite tunes at command,
Of melody sweetest and clearest,
If tried by a delicate hand ;
But its workmanship, love, is so fine,
At a single rude touch it would break ;
Then oh ! be the magic key mine,
Its fairy-like whispers to wake !
And there's one little tune it can play,
That I fancy all others above—
You learned it of Cupid one day—
It begins with and ends with “ I love ! ”
“ I love ! ”
It begins with and ends with “ I love ! ”

THE CHERUB'S SECRET.

WHAT made my Ellen start and smile,
Then sink in soft repose again,
As if some joyous thought the while
Had darted through her slumb'ring brain,
Like rosy lightning brief and bright,
Illumining a summer night ?

Perhaps a viewless cherub stole,
Young as thyself, as pure and fair,
On tiny pinions to thy soul,
And whisp'ring some sweet secret there,
Awoke that smile of heavenly glee :
My Ellen ! wake—and tell it me !

HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

MOTHER of the spirit-child !
Of the guileless and the meek !
Mournful are thine eyes, but mild

With a beauty from above ;
Pale, but eloquent with love,
Thy youthful brow and cheek !
Thou, oh! thou hast known a parent's wasting grief!
A suppliant parent kneels, imploring thy relief!

By the pure and solemn joy
Filling all thy maiden breast,
When the precious heaven-born boy,
Glowing with celestial charms,
Lay within those virgin arms
A bright and wondrous guest !
Hear, in mercy, hear the faltering voice of grief!
A suppliant mother kneels, imploring thy relief!

By thine anguish in that hour,
Hour of woe and dread, when Death
Dared to stay the awful power,
High, majestic, yet benign ;
Dared to seal the truths divine,
Which dwelt upon his breath !
By thy hope, thy trust, thy rapture, and thy grief,
Oh! sainted Marie! send this breaking heart relief!

WOMAN'S TRUST.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

Scene—Germany. A Masked Ball.

Madelon and a Stranger, in a deep recess.

MADELON.

Why hast thou led me here ?
My friends may deem it strange, unmaidenly,
This lonely converse with an unknown mask.
Yet in thy voice there is a thrilling power
That makes me love to linger ! It is like
The tone of one far distant—only his
Was gayer and more soft.

STRANGER.

Sweet Madelon !
Say thou wilt smile upon the passionate love
That thou alone canst waken ! Let me hope !

MADELON.

Hush! hush! I may not hear thee. Know'st
thou not
I am betrothed?

STRANGER.

Alas! too well I know!
But I could tell thee such a tale of him—
Thine early love—'twould fire those timid eyes
With lightning pride and anger,—curl that lip,
That gentle lip, to passionate contempt
For man's light falsehood! Even now he bends—
Thy Rupert bends—o'er one as fair as thou,
In fond affection. Even now his heart—

MADELON.

Doth my eye flash? doth my lip curl with scorn?—
'Tis scorn of thee, thou perjured stranger! not—
Oh! not of him, the generous and the true!
Hast thou e'er seen my Rupert? hast thou met
Those proud and fearless eyes, that never quailed,
As Falsehood quails, before another's glance—
As thine even now are shrinking from mine own—
The spirit-beauty of that open brow—

The noble head—the free and gallant step—
The lofty mien, whose majesty is won
From inborn honour,—Hast thou seen all this ?
And darest thou speak of faithlessness and him
In the same idle breath ? Thou little know'st
The strong confiding of a woman's heart,
When woman loves—as I do ! Speak no more !

STRANGER.

Deluded girl !—I tell thee he is false—
False as yon fleeting cloud !

MADELON.

True as the sun !

STRANGER.

The very wind less wayward than his heart !

MADELON.

The forest oak less firm ! He loved me not
For the frail rose hues and the fleeting light
Of youthful loveliness !—Ah ! many a cheek,
Of softer bloom, and many a dazzling eye,
More rich than mine, may win my wanderer's gaze !

He loved me for my love—the deep, the fond !
For my unfaltering truth—he cannot find,
Rove where he will, a heart that beats for him
With such intense, absorbing tenderness—
Such idolizing constancy as mine !
Why should he change then ?—I am still the same

STRANGER.

Sweet infidel ! wilt thou have ruder proof ?
Rememberest thou a little golden case
Thy Rupert wore, in which a gem was shrined ?—
A gem I would not barter for a world !—
An angel face !—its sunny wealth of hair
In radiant ripples bathed the graceful throat
And dimpled shoulders,—round the rosy curve
Of the sweet mouth a smile seemed wandering
ever,—
While in the depths of azure fire that gleamed
Beneath the drooping lashes, slept a world
Of eloquent meaning—passionate, but pure !—
Dreamy, subdued,—but oh ! how beautiful !—
A look of timid, pleading tenderness,
That should have been a talisman to charm
His restless heart for aye ! Rememberest thou ?

MADOLON (*impatiently.*)

I do—I do remember! 'twas my own!
He prized it as his life—I gave it him!
What of it? speak!

STRANGER (*shewing the miniature.*)

Lady, behold that gift!

MADOLON (*clasping her hands.*)

Merciful heaven! Is my Rupert dead?

(*After a pause, during which she seems overwhelmed
in agony.*)

How died he?—when? Oh! thou wert by his side
In that last hour—and I was far away!
My blessed love! Give me that token!—speak!
What message sent he to his Madelon?

STRANGER (*supporting her, and strongly
agitated.*)

He is not dead, dear lady! grieve not thus!

MADOLON.

He is not false, sir stranger!

STRANGER.

For thy sake,
Would he were worthier! One other proof
I'll give thee, loveliest! if thou lov'st him still,
I'll not believe thee woman! Listen then!
A faithful lover breathes not of his bliss
To other ears.—Wilt hear a fable, lady?—
Softly from heaven the starlight fell,
And trembled in the playful wave;
Faintly the far-off vesper bell
Its wild and mournful music gave!
With frolic feet, and floating hair
That glistened in the radiant air,
A maiden sought the river's side;
The white sands beamed beneath her tread,
And smiled beyond the baffled tide,
That murmuring and receding fled.
Their silvery sparkle caught her eye,—
Smooth was their tempting sheen and dry;
The summer evening still and warm;
The maiden weary;—on the sand
She lightly laid her fairy form,
And leaned her head upon her hand.
And as she leaned, her lovely hair
Fell o'er a forehead pure and fair,—

Shaded her drooping eyes of blue,—
Swept her soft cheek's transparent hue,—
And trembled, like a glossy wreath
Of gold, upon the ground beneath !
That dreaming maiden did not hear
The swift, light footstep, stealing near ;
She did not see the knee that bent
Beside her softly, as she leant !
With faltering finger, in the sand
She traced a single word, and then
She blushed, and passed her pretty hand
Across it, and began again ;—
“ Rupert ” she wrote—nay start not so !
Fair lady ! why that sudden glow ?
Once more she traced the name—and lo !
Beside it, as by magic, shone
Another !—it was “ Madelon ! ”
The maiden turned, confused, distressed,—
Her Rupert clasped her to his breast !—
While fond and warm, the impassioned boy
Revealed his love, his hope, his joy,
To her young cheek the rose of shame
In glowing tumult softly came ;
And trembled in her timid eye
The tear of maiden-modesty !

But Rupert kissed away the tear,
And Rupert soothed her bashful fear :
And ere the vesper hymn was done,
A plighted maid was Madelon !
Lady ! my task is o'er—dost doubt me still ?

MADELON.

Doubt thee, my Rupert!—ah ! I know thee now !
Fling by that hateful mask !—let me unclasp it !
No ! thou wouldst not betray thy Madelon !
(*Takes off his Mask.*)

RUPERT.

Come to my heart ! my faithful ! my adored !
Oh ! guileless, constant, true as heaven itself,
Must be the breast wherein dwells trust so pure !

MADELON.

And didst thou think to shake my faith in thee
By idle tales like these ? Yet it was wrong,
A cruel mockery, Rupert ! Woman's love
Is far too tender and too soft a flower
To be so played with !—Ah ! we may not deal
Too roughly with the rose !—And why was this ?

RUPERT.

Forgive me, Madelon!—'twas but to try
Thy strength. In my long wanderings I have
 heard
So much of woman's fickleness, and seen
So much of evil—nay! of ruin, wrought
By woman's causeless jealousy!—But thou—
Oh! thou hast been a bright and holy proof
That only in the heart too prone itself
To stray from truth, doth dark suspicion dwell!
I bless thee then, my noble Madelon!
For thy deep love, and thy unconquered trust!

A COMPARISON BETWEEN A TALKATIVE FOOL
AND A SILENT PHILOSOPHER.

WHILE shallow, babbling brooks, elate,
Still of their worthless pebbles prate;
The deeper waters silent flow
Above the treasures hid below.

TO ———.

I VOWED to thee a votive strain,
But strove to keep my vow in vain ;
For when with some kind deed of thine
I thought to fire the feeble line,—
A myriad on my memory rushed,
And lo ! the grateful muse was hushed !
I could not to thy mind recall—
I could not thank thee for them all !
Yet, though the melody and fire
Of love upon my lips expire ;
'Tis only in my heart to play
With sweeter power and warmer ray !

TO ISABELLE.

THOU'LT speed thy conquering way, I trow,
Through hearts however narrow :
Thy lips are Cupid's prettiest bow,
Thy smile his surest arrow !

THE PERJURED BRIDE.

THIS golden band ! it weighs like lead !
Unclasp it from my aching head !
Take off the veil of silver light,—
Its dazzling waves oppress my sight !
Ah me ! methinks my weary brow
Is scarce relieved or lightened now !—
Quick—quick ! the jewelled zone unwreath !
It binds my heart ! I cannot breathe !
Oh ! loose my robe !—each gorgeous fold
That glitters on my joyless breast,
Seems like a serpent—bright but cold—
It chills my life-blood !—let me rest !
Take from my throat this hateful chain !—
So ! I am free !—I breathe again !
Free did I say ?—oh ! mockery wild
As e'er on frenzied woman smiled !
I do but sport in maniac glee
With my own maddening misery !

Free did I say? Have I not given
Myself—my heart—thought—feeling—will,
To fetters that may ne'er be riven,
Until that heart's last throb is still?
Have I not spoken words, whose power
Is as an adamant chain,—
Linking me from this fatal hour
To falsehood, sorrow, guilt, and pain?

Ah no! 'twas not the gem-lit zone
That weighed upon my heart like stone!
'Twas not the gaudy golden chain
That clasped so tight my throbbing brain!
And not amid my robe's light fold
The serpent's icy rings were rolled!
That load—the load of woe and sin—
That poison-fang are all within!
Oh God! but to recall the past—
But one, one hour, the dread—the last!
To know once more the power to choose
What then I madly dared refuse!

I saw them all, ere yet the vow
Had seared my soul and shamed my brow:

Beautiful in its pure repose,
My own, my early home arose ;
The blessed cot—its garden bowers—
Its lowly lattice, laced with flowers—
Oh ! softly round it stole the breeze,
Like music through the murmuring trees—
And radiant still to memory's eye,
The silver rill went singing by.

There Innocence, and Hope, and Truth,
Linked with the guileless Love of youth—
A holy band—did smiling rise,
And woo me with their angel eyes !
Soft as a whispering waterfall,
I heard their sweet, imploring call !—
I heard, and heeded not ! I turned,
With heart that wildly, proudly burned ;—
A haughtier vision met my sight—
A palace-hall of dazzling light ;
And on its couch of luxury rare,
Dishonour sat with jewelled hair !
And from its festal-board the while,
Did golden-fettered Misery
Smile on me with a mocking smile !
What were their gems and gold to me ?

Alas ! within the lustrous braid,
That garlanded that drooping head,
So rich the diamond's lightning-play,
That I was blinded by the ray !
I did not mark the weary eye—
I did not hear the hopeless sigh ;
And when that smile—so strange—so cold—
Beamed from a forehead brightly crowned,
I only saw the gleaming gold—
And not the wasted brow it bound !

Near and more near the vision grew ;
My fair home faded from my view—
High swelled the syren-song of pride ;
Mournful and slow,—receding still,
Love's pleading accent faltered—died !
I triumphed in my wayward will—
I took that form with glittering crown—
I pressed that splendid couch of down—
Flung from my heart the Pure, the Fair !—
And clasped a golden fetter there !

THE HALF-BLOWN ROSE.

SUGGESTED BY A PORTRAIT OF MISS G—— B——.

'Tis just the flower she ought to wear,—
 The simple flower the painter chose ;
 And are they not a charming pair—
 The modest girl—the half-blown rose ?

The glowing bud has stolen up
 With tender smile and blushing grace,
 And o'er its mossy clasping cup
 In bashful pride reveals its face.

The maiden, too, with timid feet
 Has sprung from childhood's verdant bower,
 And lightly left its limit sweet,
 For woman's lot of shine and shower.

See ! from its veil of silken hair,
 That bathes her cheek in clusters bright,
 Her sweet face, like a blossom fair,
 Reveals its wealth of bloom and light.

How softly blends with childhood's smile
That maiden-mien of pure repose !
Oh ! seems she not herself the while—
A breathing flower—a half-blown rose ?

THE DYING ROSEBUD'S LAMENT.

AH me ! ah ! woe is me !
That I should perish now,
With the dear sunlight just let in
Upon my balmy brow !

My leaves, instinct with glowing life,
Were quivering to unclothe !
My happy heart with love was rife !
I was almost a Rose !

Nerved by a hope, warm, rich, intense,
Already I had risen
Above my cage's curving fence,
My green and graceful prison !

My pouting lips, by Zephyr pressed,
 Were just prepared to part,
 And whisper to the wooing wind
 The rapture of my heart !

In new-born fancies revelling,
 My mossy cell half riven,
 Each thrilling leaflet seemed a wing
 To bear me into heaven.

How oft, while yet an infant flower,
 My crimson cheek I've laid
 Against the green bars of my bower,
 Impatient of the shade !

And pressing up and peeping through
 Its small but precious vistas,
 Sighed for the lovely light and dew
 That blessed my elder sisters !

I saw the sweet breeze rippling o'er
 Their leaves that loved the play,
 Though the light thief stole all their store
 Of dew-drop gems away.

I thought how happy I should be
Such diamond wreaths to wear,
And frolic with a rose's glee,
With sunbeam, bird, and air!

Ah me! ah! woe is me! that I,
Ere yet my leaves uncloze,
With all my wealth of sweets must die
Before I am a Rose!

TO H——.

DONT say you are not pretty!
With that fair, frank brow of thine,
And those eyes, where truth and tenderness
So eloquently shine.

Dont say you are not charming,
While that cheek so softly glows
With the loveliest and lightest hue,
That warms the summer rose.

With thy silken ringlets shadowing
 The smiling beauty there,
 As clouds, the soft vermillion, veil,
 That radiant morn doth wear.

I would bid you ask your glass, love ;
 But those modest eyes—I know it—
 Will distrust the light reflections,
 Both of mirror and of poet !

Ah ! could you look into my heart
 And watch your image there !
 You would own the sunny loveliness
 Affection makes it wear.

THE LAMENT OF JOSEPHINE.

“ Mon ami ! ” no ! that name is not
 For one, who hath his faith forgot,—
 My husband ! oh ! no more that word
 Must from these faltering lips be heard,

No more this breaking heart may dare
To breathe its warm devotion there!
A loftier title they must learn,
A colder name must on them dwell—
Oh! thou canst teach them to be stern—
Napoleon! Emperor! Fare thee well!

I loved!—that feeling deep defied
What lighter love had shrunk beneath,—
Thy cold neglect, thy careless pride,
E'en dark suspicion's withering breath;
I loved;—I turned away from all,
That might a woman's mind enthrall,
To watch my hero's wayward smile,
To wait his fond—his lightning-glance,
And felt beneath it beat the while
The happiest heart in sunny France:
I loved;—the jewelled coronet,
Upon this favoured forehead set,
Well might I deem it bright and fair!
The hand I worshipped placed it there!
'Twas not the crown!—a wreath of flowers,
A simple wreath entwined by thee,
The gift of those unclouded hours,
Had been as fondly prized by me!

"Twas thou I loved ;—the loveliest gem
In that resplendent diadem,
Was less to Josephine than one
Kind look from thee when all was done !
My foes have seen me by thy side,
And murmured at my titled pride,—
I had a title, dear as life,—
Not Empress—no !—Napoleon's wife !
Thy wife,—the true, the proud, the blest,
The first to mark thy changing mood,
The last beside thy couch of rest,
When pain that hero-heart subdued ;—
Thy wife,—when all devoted France
Stood thrilling 'neath thy eagle glance,
When flatterers bent the ready knee,
And hailed their idol-lord in thee,—
Who stood amid the joyous scene,
With gladder eyes than Josephine ?
Whose smile of welcome flashed like hers,
Amid that throng of worshippers ?

And must I leave thee ? oh ! to go,
In grief away, unloved, forgot !
And, far from thee, to feel, to know,
Another's smile may light thy lot !

To think—the while in lonely sorrow,
I turn, untired, to dream of thee,
And look to every wretched morrow,
In hopeless, heartless misery,—
That where my hand in fondness fell
So oft upon that kingly brow,
Another's touch unchecked may dwell,
Another's lip may bless thee now!
Oh! rather strike thy victim here!
Thus—at thy feet! that death were dear!

Yet fare thee well! when once again
Thou com'st, with glorious triumph flushed,
And thou art hailed, in bright Bretagne,
From where the red war-stream hath gushed;
Amid that sweet applause, I ween,
Thou'lt miss the voice of Josephine.
I know—thy yet unchanging star,
Bright symbol of thy destiny,
Whose mystic radiance streamed afar,
Along thy path to victory;
And but to see in life's decline,
Its place in heaven undimmed and bright,
I'd bless the cloud that darkens mine,
And calmly watch its fading light!

But well I know that star may wane,
That conquering arm may strangely fail,
And Europe yet may rend the chain,
That bids her crowns before thee quail :—
'Twas wild ambition's voice that spoke,
When first thy warrior-spirit woke ;
'Twas high ambition's lofty tone,
That led thee to the imperial throne ;
'Tis stern ambition's accents now,
That bid thee break thy hallowed vow.
Yet pause ! that syren voice erewhile,
Thy steps to ruin may beguile,
And thou wilt mourn, alas ! too late,
Thy splendid dream of Empire fled,
And curse the cold inglorious fate
That hovers o'er thy haughty head.
Oh ! in that hour of dark despair,
When thou art left, perchance, alone,
Will thou recal the voice that ne'er
Will lose for thee its soothing tone ?—
And think that one, unchanged by all,
By wrong, misfortune, absence, time,
Still turns more fondly in thy fall,
To thee—to thee,—whate'er thy crime ?

Content,—nay, blest, if by thy side,
When others leave thee, she might stay,
And smiling there, whate'er betide,
Forget thy once despotic sway!
Alas! that hour may never be,
Thy mandate all too rudely fell,—
Yet oh! the heart that breaks for thee,
Forgives and blesses!—Fare thee well!

THE UNEXPECTED DECLARATION.

“ AZURE-EYED Eloise! beauty is thine,
Passion kneels to thee, and calls thee divine;
Minstrels awaken the lute with thy name;
Poets have gladdened the world with thy fame;
Painters, half holy thy loved image keep;
Beautiful Eloise! why do you weep?”

Still bows the lady her light tresses low,—
Fast the warm tears from her veiled eyes flow!

“ Sunny-haired Eloise! wealth is thine own ;
 Rich is thy silken robe—bright is thy zone ;
 Proudly the jewel illumines thy way ;
 Clear rubies rival thy ruddy lips’ play ;
 Diamonds like star-drops thy silken braids deck ;
 Pearls waste their snow on thy lovelier neck ;
 Luxury softens thy pillow for sleep—
 Angels watch over it!—Why do you weep ?”

Bows the fair lady her light tresses low,—
 Faster the tears from her veiled eyes flow !

“ Gifted and worshipped one! Genius and Grace
 Play in each motion, and beam in thy face :
 When from thy rosy lip rises the song,
 Hearts that adore thee the echo prolong !
 Ne’er in the festival shone an eye brighter,
 Ne’er in the mazy dance fell a foot lighter.
 One only spirit thou’st failed to bring down,—
 Exquisite Eloise! why do you frown ?”

Swift o’er her forehead a dark shadow stole,
 Sent from the tempest of pride in her soul !

“Touched by thy sweetness—in love with thy
grace—

Charmed by the magic of mind in thy face—
Bewitched by thy beauty—e’en his haughty
strength—

The strength of the stoic—is conquer’d at length!
Lo! at thy feet—see him kneeling the while—
Eloise! Eloise! why do you smile?”

The hand was withdrawn from her happy blue eyes,
She gazed on her lover in laughing surprise;
While the dimple and blush, stealing soft to her
cheek,
Told the tale that her tongue was too timid to speak!

TO ———.

I would not tell thee for the world
Thy early love will change;
I would not see thy sweet lip curled
In scorn of words so strange.

I would not bid thy smiles away,
 Nor quell thy speaking blush;
 For happy spirits lend the ray,
 And timid thoughts the flush.

Yet love is but a dangerous guest
 For hearts so young as thine,
 Where youth's unshadowed joy should rest,
 Life's spring-time fancies shine.

Too soon—oh! all too soon would come
 In later years the spell,
 Touching, with changing hues, the path
 Where once but sunlight fell.

Then, sweetest, leave the wildering dream,
 Till time has nerved thy heart
 To brook the fitful cloud and gleam
 Which must in love have part.

Ah! life has many a blessed hour
 That passion never knows;
 And youth may gather many a flower
 Beside the blushing Rose.

Turn to thy books! my gentle girl!
They will not dim thine eyes,
Thy hair will all as richly curl,
Thy blush as brightly rise.

Turn to thy friends! a smile as fond
On friendship's lip may be,
And rising from as true a heart
As love can offer thee.

Turn to thy home! affection wreathes
Her dearest garland there;
And more than all, a mother breathes
For thee—for thee, her prayer!

Ah! life has many a hallowed hour
Of joy, Love never knows!
And youth may often find a flower
More precious than the Rose!

LETTER TO AN ABSENT FRIEND,

On seeing Celeste for the first time in "The Wept of Wish ton Wish"

(Written many years since.)

MY friend, by joy and genius fired,
Thy sketch betrayed the poet's mind ;
And critic Taste approved, admired,
And Feeling but one fault could find.

One fault ! for when thy glowing pen
Portrayed the scene of festive pleasure,
And bade it breathe and move again—
The mirthful strain—the graceful measure,—

It did not tell of one regret
For her, who shares thy grief—thy joy ;
And didst thou, dearest, quite forget ?
And had that scene no sad alloy ?

I know by mine own heart it had,
Wherever play its pulses free,—
Alone—in crowds—serene—or sad—
In shade or shine—they play for thee !

I too last evening joined the throng,
I too beheld in rapture's trance,
Like some wild vision waked by song,
The graceful " spirit of the dance."

In guise of Indian girl she walked,
The forest-fawn less light of foot;
And while each look, each motion talked,
Her step—her voice—alike were mute!

Torn from her home—a trembling child,
Of sense and speech bereft by fear;
She comes—a wanderer from the wild,—
Nor knows that long-lost home is near.

Her sister strives, by many an art,
To bring back memory's power—in vain!
She clasps her red-boy to her heart,—
She's pining for the woods again!

" See, love, the chain you used to wear,"—
That out-stretched hand! that look of joy!
Alas! no memory wakens there,—
To her 'tis but a pleasing toy!

But hark ! a soft and soothing strain !
The song her mother used to sing !
'Tis o'er !—she strives for it again,
As if her spirit would take wing.

Again it comes !—the trinkets fall,—
She rises with the music's swell !
Struggles for utterance—breaks the thrall !—
“ Mother !” she sighed, and lifeless fell !

And now, her warrior-love is low ;
Her gun is seized—raised—aimed—oh heaven !
They lift her child before the foe !
She shrieks—as if her heart were riven !

“ Conanchet dies”—dark Uncas said ;
Her arms around his neck she threw,
And moan'd, while mournful droop'd her head,
“ Then Narramattah will die too !”

In the next scene her chief is slain,—
And she, o'erwhelmed with woe unspoken,
Creeps to him—takes his hand—and then
Dies silently,—her heart is broken !

She dies ! the Indian girl !—but oh !
When the dark curtain rose again,
Celeste ! how radiant was the glow
Of life, o'er all thy features then !

She comes ! “ the spirit of the dance ! ”
And but for those large, eloquent eyes,
Where passion speaks in every glance,
She'd seem a wanderer from the skies !

So light—that gazing breathless there,
Lest the celestial dream should go,
You'd think the music in the air
Waved the fair vision to and fro !

Or that the melody's sweet flow
Within the radiant creature played !
And those soft wreathing arms of snow,
And white sylph-feet the music made.

Now gliding slow with dreamy grace,
Her eyes beneath their lashes, lost,
Now motionless, with lifted face,
And small hands on her bosom crossed.

And now—with flashing eyes she springs,
Her whole bright figure raised in air ;
As if her soul had spread its wings,
And poised her one wild instant there !

She spoke not—but so richly fraught
With language are her glance and smile ;
That when the curtain fell, I thought
She had been talking all the while !

Yet, though so lost in rapture's trance,
Too oft beyond my reason's will,
That I forgot myself, perchance,—
Thou, dearest, wert remembered still.

In every scene of tenderness,
At every proof of noble pride,
Through all the heroine's wild distress,
I wished that thou wert by my side.

Yes ! I too sometimes join the throng,
I smile—when smiling eyes I see ;
I watch the dance—I list the song,
But everywhere I think of thee !

TO ELIZABETH.

THEY may talk of delicate tresses,
That float in golden streams ;
And wooing the sun's caresses,
Have caught and kept his beams.

They may tell of eyes of azure,
That smile, and smile, and smile,
Full of the light of pleasure
All the long while.

They may rave of a lily cheek,
Where never a blush doth dart ;
Ah ! too like a lily to speak
The thoughts of a living heart !

But richer thy hair that resembles
The raven's plumage wet,
And brighter thine eye-beam trembles
Under its lash of jet.

And whiter far the forehead
Beneath such shadow lies ;
With a light by contrast borrowed
From the cloud-like curls and eyes.

Those laughing orbs, that borrow
From azure skies the light they wear,
Are like that heaven, no sorrow
Can float o'er hues so fair.

Give me those skies, when darkling
Soft clouds contend with light,
When shower and sunshine sparkling,
The dazzled eye delight.

Give me those eyes, where often
The tears of feeling shine,
The gazer's heart they soften,
And win its love like thine.

Give me the eloquent cheek,
Where blushes burn and die ;
Like thine, its changes speak
The spirit's purity !

Ah! though it give thee pain,
So beautiful the glow,
We cannot choose but gaze again,
To see it come and go.

Thy face seems ever stealing
The roses—rich—divine—
That Love, and Joy, and Feeling,
Within thy heart entwine!

I knew no holier prayer
Than that I breathe for thee;
That ever, as unbidden, there,
That modest blush may be.

TO AN ATHEIST POET.

Lov'st thou the music of the sea?
Call'st thou the sunshine bright?
HIS voice is more than Melody!
HIS smile is more than Light!

TO ANNA,

IN REPLY TO A LETTER.

DONT say you are "ugly," you darling!

While still your sweet letters unfold
The same glowing soul, that enlivened
Those delicate features of old!—

That soul, whose pure fire would illume, love,
A cheek of less exquisite mould,
With a changeable beauty and bloom, love,
To which that of a Venus were cold.

Dont say you've grown "ugly and stupid,"

While still, in each line, I can trace,
Some glimpse of those lovely emotions,
Which once I could read in your face!

When you tell me your mind wears a chain, love,

When you tell me your heart is asleep,
Then may-be, but never till then, love,
The wreck of your beauty I'll weep.

WHAT I LOVE.

FOR MISS J....'S ALBUM.

I DEARLY love a changing cheek,
That glows or pales as feeling chooses,
And lets the free heart frankly speak
Upon it what the tongue refuses.

Where eloquent blushes burn and fade,
Rich with the wealth of warm emotion;
Or starry dimples mock the shade,
Like jewels in a restless ocean.

I dearly love a speaking eye,
That tells you there's a soul to wake it;
Now fired with fancies wild and high,
Now soft as sympathy can make it.

An eye, whose dreamy depths and dark
In Passion's storm can proudly lighten!
But where Love's tears can quench the spark,
And Peace the sky serenely brighten!

I love a lip that eye to match,
Now curled with scorn, now pressed in sadness,
And, quick each feeling's change to catch,
Next moment arched with smiles of gladness.

I love a hand that meets mine own
With grasp that causes some sensation :
I love a voice whose varying tone
From Truth has learned its modulation.

And who can boast that regal eye ?
That smile and tone, untaught by art ?
That cheek of ever-changing dye ?
That brave, free, generous, cordial heart ?

I need not name her ! None who've heard
Her welcome true—her parting blessing—
Her laugh, by lightest trifle stirred—
Her frank reply—will fail in guessing !

ON A LANDSCAPE BY DOUGHTY,

CALLED "THE INDIAN SUMMER."

AH, yes! in the mist, whose soft splendour
Is shed like a smile o'er the scene,
So rich, yet so meltingly tender,
So radiant, yet so serene,—

In the azure air veiling the mountain,
Far off, with its own robe of light,
In the gleam and the foam of the fountain,
In the foliage so gorgeously bright,—

I see a wild beauty belonging
To one sunny region alone—
New England, beloved New England!
The soul-waking scene is thine own!

And gazing entranced on the picture,
Mine eyes are with tears running o'er;
For my heart has flown home to those mountains,
And I am an exile no more!

Again through the woodlands I wander,
Where autumn trees, lofty and bold,
Are stealing from bright clouds above them
Their wealth of deep crimson and gold.

Where Nature is sceptred and crowned,
As a queen in her worshipping land;
While her rock-pillared palaces round,
All matchless in majesty stand!

Where the star of her forest dominions,
The humming-bird, darts to its food,
Like a gem or a blossom on pinions,
Whose glory illumines the wood.

Where her loftiest, loveliest flower,*
Pours forth its impassioned perfume;
And her torrents, all regal in power,
Are wreathed with the sun-circles bloom.

Where on cloud-pillows soft, but resplendent,
Our day-spirit floats to his rest;
And the moon, like a pure jewel-pendant,
Is hung on night's love-breathing breast.

* The Magnolia.

New England! beloved New England!
I breathe thy rich air as of yore;
For my heart is at home in those mountains,
And I am an exile no more!

Yet not for thy beauty or glory,
Though lofty and lovely thou art,
And not for thy proud haunts of story,
These tears of deep tenderness start;—

There's a home in the heart of New England,
Where once I was fondly caressed!
Where strangers ne'er looked on me coldly,
And care never came to my breast!

Though warm hearts have cherished the exile
In moments of sorrow and pain,
There's a home in the heart of New England,—
Oh! when shall I see it again!

THE HOURS OF YORE.

I CANNOT choose but sing the strain
That many a bard has sung before,
That thousands yet will wake again,—
The hours of yore! the hours of yore!

The hours of yore! sweet childhood's hours,
When all the livelong day I played
With sunbeams, butterflies, and flowers,
And wavelets in the woodland glade.

I cared not then for plumes and pearls—
The forest leaves were gems to me,
I wreathed them round my careless curls,
And found a crown in every tree!

The murmuring fount my music made,
I danced on Nature's brodered floor,
A queen was I in the woodland glade,
A crowned queen, in hours of yore!

I deemed the flowers were all alive,
I fancied birds could talk like me,
And many an hour I'd listening strive
To think what could their meaning be!

I did not sigh for wealth or pleasure ;
If through the leaves a sunbeam stole,
I called the ray my golden treasure,
And blessed its beauty in my soul!

Oh, monarch! 'mid your courtier train,—
Oh, sage! half crazed with mystic lore,—
Sing, sing with me the sad refrain—
“ The hours of yore! the hours of yore!”

ATTIC ASPIRATIONS.

“ MA'AM, shall I 'eat the hiron?” Betty said;
“ No, Betty! eat your supper, and to bed!”

WHAT CAN BE THE MATTER WITH LIZZIE?

WHAT can be the matter with Lizzie to night?
Her eyes, that in tears were so touchingly tender,
For twenty-four hours have been filling with light,
Till I scarcely dare meet their bewildering splendor.

You'd almost imagine a star had been lighted
Within her—a new-born and beautiful flame,
To bless, with its pure ray, her spirit benighted,
And smile thro' those eyes to which sorrow's cloud
came.

What can be the matter with Lizzie!—her cheek,
That of late has been dimpleless, colourless, cold,
Has gathered a glow and a glory, that speak,
Like an eloquent voice of a rapture untold.

What can be the matter with Lizzie!—her tone,
That was doubting and faint in its low melody,
As the morning ray rising thro' mist-tears alone,
Or the sound of a bell ringing soft in the sea,—

Has suddenly thrilled to a richness and fervor,
A passionate sweetness, untroubled and deep—
You would think in her heart had arisen to nerve her,
An angel,—awakened from sorrow and sleep.

It is Love! it is Love! by the joy that is stealing
Like light o'er her forehead I know it is Love!—
He has touched with his wand the wild fountain
 of feeling,
He floats like a spirit that fountain above.

He has kindled his star-lamp—the deathless—the
 pure—
Within—and her heart's hidden riches are shown—
His own seraph voice has breathed melody to her—
And her's has caught all its deep magic of tone.

Oh! still may that voice keep its sweetness and joy,
And still may that cheek wear its glow of delight,
And those dear eyes unshadowed by sorrow's alloy,
Still flash with the fondness that fills them to-night.

ROMANCE.

You can trace it in all in word and look,
Through her lightest—her loftiest deed it plays,
As you trace by the gleam of a graceful brook,
Through valley and forest its winding ways.

A vein of Romance—like a vein of gold
And its source, is a mine of wealth untold,
The wealth of rich feelings—the deep—the pure,
With strength to meet sorrow, and faith to endure.
It smiles through trifles—a fairy gleam,
Like a sparkle 'mid flowers of the playful stream,
And often through higher and graver things,
It breaks with its beauty and fresh delight,
As the ray of the rivulet's rippling rings,
Comes up in the woods on the startled sight.
To such in the faintest cloud that floats,
In the simplest leaf of the garden bower,
In the least of the woodland warbler's notes,
Is a charmed language, a spell of power.

The cloud?—oh! an angel waves, they say,
His wings in Heaven's resplendent air,
And floats away in the holy ray,
Shedding their delicate shadow there.
The bird is singing the stars beneath,
To Nature's harp with its viewless chords,
And the fair bouquet, or the graceful wreath,
Is a cluster, or garland, of fragrant words.

Such was the spirit that thrilled her hand,
When gaily bending her sweet work o'er;
She wreathed with the flowers of her native land,
The lowly steps of her cottage door.
But the prettiest far of her pets was one,
You'd fancy had fed on the beams of the sun;
It seemed to look up in my face the while,
So brightly, I thought that I saw it smile:
It was that with the petals of purple and gold,
Whose sweet appellations the poet has told.

I passed them, and stood by the open door,
But she stooped to gather and give me a flower;
Playfully murmuring, stay! if you please!
You pass not my threshold without 'Heart's-ease!'

Oh! long may the blossom, whatever betide,
The tenderest breath of the summer-wind win,
And smile in its beauty thy threshold beside,
Bright symbol! sweet lady! of 'Heart's-ease
within !'

A VISION.

Long ere my senses slept last night,
Bathed in the moon-beam's tremulous flame;
Soft to my heart, a thing of light,
A wild and winged vision came.

A vision—like a downy dove,
It fanned me with its fragrant wings,
Till lulled, as by the lip of love,
I slept 'mid fair imaginings.

Ah! even then it would not part,
But nestled softly in my heart;
And sang to me the livelong night
A low sweet song of calm delight.

THE LITTLE SLUMBERER.

THE child was weary, and had flung herself
In beautiful abandonment, to rest,
Low on the gorgeous carpeting, whose hues
Contrasted richly with her snow-white robe :
One dimpled arm lay curving o'er the head,
Half buried in its glossy, golden curls,
Moist and disordered by her graceful play ;
The other pressed beneath her cheek, did make
With small round fingers dimples in the rose,—
Where lashes soft as floss were darkly drooping,—
Her red lips parted slightly, while the breath,
Pure as a blossom's sigh, came sweet and still ;
Loosely the robe from one white shoulder fell ;
And so she lay, and slumbered 'mid the hues,
The orient richness of the downy carpet,—
Like a young flower, drooping its dewy head,
And shutting its soft petals on the breast
Of summer-mantled earth.

AN EPISTLE

From little Ellen to her Friend Mary,—with a Christmas Gift.

THIS morning, dear, I sent mamma,
(Too busy I to go so far,)
To find a doll as bright and pleasant,
As her for whom was meant the present ;—
Now guess her name !—a charming child,
As e'er on life's rough changes smiled !
You cannot guess ? ah ! when you know
For whom, mamma, I lessoned so,
You'll say it was a hard embassy ;—
'Twas Mary's self—my winsome lassie !
In truth she might have searched the world,
To match, in dolls, your speaking face,—
Your eyes,—your hair so richly curled,—
Your radiant smile,—your restless grace !
And I, I own, was rather stupid,
To think she'd find a waxen Cupid ;
So, as she did her best, I told her,
I couldn't have the heart to scold her.

Then take the baby—will you, love ?
She'll be as quiet as a dove ;
And, with her, take the kiss I print,
Upon her lip of rosy tint ;
But oh ! be sure you do not press
Too fondly there your sweet caress,
Lest your own lovely mouth be tainted,
For 'tween ourselves I fear—she's painted !

What pity that our modern belles
Are not content with Nature's palette ;
But steal their blush from carmine shells !
It shan't be our rose-maker,—shall it ?

Yet take the doll,—and while you gaze
Upon her eyes of beaming blue,
And twist her golden hair all ways,
Except the right,—you fidget ! you !
And pinch her little harmless nose,
And seek in vain her tiny toes,—
Remember, she must not be pressed
Too closely to that baby-breast ;
For she has such a melting way,
When touched by love in such excess,

She'd faint,—nay more !—I've heard them say,
She'd die to show her tenderness !
And oh ! in all your mirthful dealings,
Be careful not to hurt her feelings ;
So sensitive her nature is,
That if you only touch her phiz
Too roughly with that finger fair,
'Twill make a deep impression there.
Oh ! clasp her gently in thine arms,
And sing to rest her smiling charms ;
And doff and don her pretty clothes,
And lightly tie her little bonnet ;
And press her lip that softly glows,
To find the kiss I printed on it :
And then, when, weary of thy play,
Thy cradle-pillow woos to sleep,—
While viewless cherubs pure and gay,
As thou, their vigil o'er thee keep,—
Sweet Mary, let poor Dolly lie
Beside thee, in thy downy dwelling,
And thou wilt dream that it is I,
And call the waxen baby—" Ellen !"

POSTSCRIPT.

Now then as we've disposed of Dolly,
Since postscripts are the cream of letters,
A truce to all this babyish folly,
And let us talk of graver matters.

When next you climb your mother's knee,
Give her a long, sweet kiss from me ;
My love, too, to your father, dear ;
And tell them both my warmest wishes,
That Christmas-day may bring them cheer,
In pleasant friends, and tempting dishes.

If mine but knew that I was writing,
They'd send, I'm sure, a pretty message ;
But one a story is inditing,
And t'other sees some portraits presage
In " his mind's eye," and heeds not now
His daughter's cogitating brow.

I often hear them speak of you
And your mamma.—To-day, at dinner,
Papa exclaimed,—“ Now, Fanny, do
Write to that charming Mrs. Skinner !”

Mamma began to frown and pout,
I thought her manner quite alarming ;
At last the reason faltered out,—
“ I will—if you wont call her charming !”

To tell the truth,—(you'll not betray ?)
I hate to see a jealous woman ;
As if e'en Beauty's faintest ray
Should fall upon a heart that's human,
Without awaking grateful love
To Beauty's Author throned above !
For me,—I would not give a groat
For any one, who had not taste
And soul enough to feel and note
Where Loveliness her shrine has placed.

For instance, love, they often say,
That you are brighter far than I,
Far more intelligent and gay,
With stronger frame and lustier cry ;
They say your silken hair can curl,
Your feet can tottleround the room,
Your mouth is filled with teeth of pearl,
Your cheek is rich with healthful bloom !

My hair's as straight as sunbeams,—nay,
'Tis worse, for even when 'tis wet,
It's not refracted like the ray,
But only more refractory yet!
My head's a hopeless case, my dear,
My cheeks still wear the lily's hue,
My feet wern't made to walk I fear,
And as for teeth I've only—two!

But I should think as soon of crying,
Because yon star mine eye out-smiled,
Or roses mocked my lip,—as sighing,
When you are called a lovelier child!

No!—if, when I'm grown up a lady,
My husband talks of Mary Skinner,
No frown shall make my forehead shady,
No envious pang shall spoil my dinner!

But, dearest, as I promised “cream,”
I should have made my postscript shorter;
So lengthened,—after all 'twill seem,
That flattest beverage—milk and water!

But one word more.—When left alone,
 And half awake within your crib,
 Do you not sometimes hear a tone,—
 (I hope you never tell a fib !)
 A silvery tone, close—close above you ?
 As if some warbling cherub-child
 Had stolen from heaven to see and love you ?
 And have you not in rapture smiled,
 And talked in whispers sweet and low,
 About your play,—your griefs and joys,—
 And begged the baby not to go,—
 And promised it your prettiest toys ?

I have,—I often do.—Mamma
 Thinks all young children thus are blest,—
 That infant-angels come from far,
 To watch and share their guileless rest.

And, Mary, when again I hear
 My spirit-playmate's accent clear,
 And see again the wavy gleam
 Of golden ringlets in my dream,—
 I'll tell the angel-child of you ;
 And pressing on its lips of dew

A loving kiss, I'll bid it fly
To where you in your beauty lie,
And bring me, in another trip,
A message from your own sweet lip !

Now then—good bye ! my precious Mary !
I'm sure my next rhyme wont come well in ;
But you'll forgive a bard's vagary,
And not forget your little

Ellen !

THE MAIDEN WITH HER ABSENT LOVER'S
PORTRAIT.

WHY did he paint them to the life,
The lip, the brow, the eye ?
Yet fail to make them warmly rife,
Like thine with feeling high.

Are these the lips that thrilled to mine ?
Is this the forehead bland ?
Is this the hair I used to twine
With fond and frolic hand ?

Is this the cheek I loved to touch ?
 Are these the eyes of blue ?
 Whose very colour told how much
 Of Heaven the spirit knew.

Alas ! the hue—the shape—the air—
 Are truly told, I know ;
 The waving of the deep brown hair—
 The arching of the brow.—

But where's the soul-beam, soft and bright,
 That so illumined them ;
 The smile, worth all the jewel-light
 Of regal diadem.

Ah ! plaint like this the painter wrongs,
 Beyond his weak control ;
 Only to those thou lov'st belongs,
 The language of thy soul !

I could not prize thee half so much,
 If all were blessed by thee,
 With smiles of hallowed meaning—such
 As those thou giv'st to me !

MINA DOLCE.

A SONG.

BENEATH Italia's laughing skies,
When joy the summer hour beguiled ;
I found one day a lovely prize,
A blossom bright and wild.
Ah ! Mina Dolce ! Cara Mina ! graceful Rose of
Italie !
Dost thou bloom there in thy beauty still,—and
is thy bloom for me ?

I raised its tender cheek to mine,
I woke it from its pure repose ;
I kissed away its dew divine !
Its tears !—my radiant Rose !
Ah ! Mina Dolce ! Cara Mina ! blushing flower of
Italie !
Art thou smiling in thy bower still,—and is thy
smile for me ?

I've gazed since then on loftier flowers,
 In scenes more richly, grandly wild,
 Ne'er found I bloom in Northern bowers
 To match Italia's child.
 Ah! Mina Dolce! Cara Mina! virgin Rose of
 Italie!
 May I wear thee on my heart, and wilt thou give
 thy tears to me?

TO A LADY,

Who consulted the Author about trimming her Bonnet with a
 Bow behind.

OH! wreath the ribbon lightly round,
 And tie it 'neath your chin,
 And do not let its folds be bound
 By needle or by pin!
 It is unworthy, lady dear,
 Your dignity of mind,
 To take such trouble with your gear,
 To have a bow behind!

Of all your virtues rare and bright
The rarest seemed to me ;
Your scorn of trifles vain and light,
Your fair simplicity.
How was that cherished thought to-day,
With many a sigh resigned ;
When, horror struck, I heard you say,
You liked a bow behind !
Besides, 'tis so unclassical,
You love the taste, I'm sure,
Which draped with graceful fold and fall
Italia's child of yore.
The rich, severe simplicity !
The dignified—refined !
How had the Roman matron scorned
That petty bow behind !
A bow ! a light, unmeaning bow !
A vain and useless thing !
The veriest trifle here below !
Oh ! take it for a string !
Consult your husband, lady, pray !
He has a Roman mind—
And, like a dear good man, he'll say,—
“ Deuce take the bow behind !”

LINES

Suggested by a mourning-locket, in which was painted a winged Cherub, with the motto—"Je veille sur toi, mà mère!"

JE veille sur toi, mà mère !
I hear thy softest sigh of love,
I listen to thy lightest prayer
And echo it above.

I see thee when in lonely hour,
My semblance wins thy ready tear;
Thou canst not hear my spirit step,
But, mother ! I am near !

When glowing morn the mountain treads
With foot of fire and dewy eye,
And dazzled seraphs veil their heads
Before the light on high !

And when beneath my home of joy,
The stars are smiling through the air,
Where angels roam on blest employ,
Je veille sur toi, mà mère !

While o'er thy wearied frame is shed
The welcome balm of soothing sleep,
Lightly o'er that beloved head—
My vigils still I keep!

Dost thou not see in visions fair,
A radiant being wander by?
And hear a soft voice murmuring there,
“My mother! it is I?”

And when above my early grave
Thy gentle spirit prays relief,
Feelst thou no angel-plumage wave
Above thee in thy grief.

Je veille sur toi, mà mère!
Oh! still thy lost but happy boy
Is near thee, with thee every where,
In sorrow and in joy.

Forget not then, where'er thou art,
The promise-words that bless thy prayer,
But wear them in thy “heart of heart,”
“Je veille sur toi, mà mère!”

LINES ON A POETESS,

Who was advised to write less rapidly.

HER muse is like the bird that roves
Through Eastern India's fragrant groves ;
His trembling plumage burns in flight—
A living rainbow, rare and bright !
And swifter as those pinions fly,
More warm the glow, more rich the dye ;
But when with slow and measured wave
They fall upon the balmy air,
The hues his lightning-motion gave
Grow dim, and fade unnoticed there.
And when he furls those changeful wings,
All wearied with his glorious play,
Ah ! one by one the shining rings
Of radiant colour die away !
And dark and dull, you ne'er would know
The wealth of glory lost below ;

That every shadowy plume you see,
Still wears its own resplendent hue ;
And once again, unfurled and free,
Would flash its treasure on your view.
Her muse is like the sunlit bird,—
Then bid her not its wanderings stay,
Lest all the light that flight has stirred—
Like his—in rest should die away.

THE OMEN.

A BOOK of birds before me lay,
And half in childlike faith, and half in play,
I said, whatever bird on opening it I see,
Shall Ellen's emblem be.
I opened to the Turtledove !
Oh ! blessed promise of pure truth and love ;
Surely on that fond faith kind Heaven indulgent
smiled,
Be thou the Dove, my child !

IF HE CAN!

A SONG.

LET me see him once more
 For a moment or two,
 Let him tell me himself
 Of his purpose, dear, do ;
 Let him gaze in these eyes
 While he lays out his plan
 To escape me,—and then—
 He may go—if he can !

Let me see him once more,
 Let me give him one smile,
 Let me breathe but one word
 Of endearment the while ;
 I ask but that moment—
 My life on the man !
 Does he think to forget me ?
 He may—if he can !

M

ELLEN LEARNING TO WALK.

My beautiful trembler! how wildly she shrinks!
And how wistful she looks while she lingers!
Papa is extremely uncivil she thinks,—
She but pleaded for one of his fingers!

What eloquent pleading! the hand reaching out,
As if doubting so strange a refusal;
While her blue eyes say plainly "What is he about
That he does not assist me as usual?"

Come on, my pet Ellen! we wont let you slip,—
Unclasp those soft arms from his knee, love;
I see a faint smile round that exquisite lip,
A smile half reproach and half glee, love.

So! that's my brave baby! one foot falters forward,
Half doubtful the other steals by it!
What, shrinking again! why you shy little coward!
'Twont kill you to walk a bit!—try it!

There! steady, my darling! huzza! I have caught
her!

I clasp her, caressed and caressing!
And she hides her bright face, as if what we had
taught her
Were something alarming,—the blessing!

Now back again! Bravo! that shout of delight,
How it thrills to our hearts from thine own, love;
Joy, joy for thy mother! and blest be the night,
When Ellen first tottled alone, love!

EPIGRAM.

“I’LL cut your acquaintance,” said Harry to John,
In a furious passion, “if thus you go on!”
“To cut my acquaintance,” said John, “you are
free,—
“Cut them all, if you please, so you do not cut me!”

ON PARTING FOR A TIME WITH AN INFANT'S
PORTRAIT.

FAIR image of my fairer child !
Full many a moment's weary woe
By those blue eyes has been beguiled !
How can I let my idol go ?

For when my living treasure sleeps,
And hides her bashful glance of glee,
Thy cherub face unchanging keeps
Its precious bloom and smiles for me !

There still I see the flossy hair
That bathes with light her glowing face ;
Her dimpled hands so round and fair,—
Her fragile form,—her childish grace !

Yet go ! and with those earnest eyes,
O'ershadowed by thy silken curl,
Gaze smiling into stranger-hearts,
And bid them bless my fairy girl !

There plead for him who fondly wrought
Thy soft and sunny loveliness,
Illumed thy brow with baby thought,
And twined with gold each waving tress.

Perchance the sportive witchery
That dimpling round thy pure lip plays,
The rich and eloquent tenderness,
The soul that lightens in thy gaze,—

May win for him that simple meed,
For which his spirit long has pined,—
Th' approving glance of critic-taste,
That native feeling has refined !

Go forth, my bird of beauty !—leave
The lowly ark of home, and when
Thy loving mission is fulfilled,
Come to my waiting heart again !

And though no promise-branch be thine,
On which faint Hope may dare to feed,
Thou'lt bring us back thine own sweet smile,
To cheer us in our hour of need !

A POET'S EXCUSE FOR SHUTTING HIS EYES IN
THE PRESENCE OF A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

THE miser hoards with jealous care
The gleaming gold he starves to win ;
The diver hides his jewel rare,
With joy, his homely vest within.
And art not thou a gem divine,
Far worthier of an idol's place ?
Ah ! when these eyes could once enshrine
Thy graceful form, thy glowing face,—
When they in one impassioned gaze
Thy wealth of beauty wildly stole,
And let its glorious image blaze
Like sunlight on my startled soul ;—
Say, is it strange that they should close,
Exulting o'er their radiant treasure,—
Content to dwell in dim repose,
And feel the miser's trembling pleasure ?
No ! since I've risked my heart to win
One impress of a gem so rare,
Oh ! let me gaze on it within,
And starve my eyes to keep it there !

LINES ON THE BURNING OF THE
ROYAL EXCHANGE.

ALL hush'd in the moonlight, the city lay sleeping,
Tower, Temple, and Palace, were bathed in her
beams ;

Only sorrow and guilt were awaking and weeping,
When the watchman's deep cry broke the slum-
berer's dreams.

" Fire! Fire!" 'tis a sound ever sad to the feeling,
But oh! how terrific, how thrillingly grand,
In the depth of that midnight, when Winter was
stealing
Unheard, with his fetters of ice, o'er the land !

" Fire! Fire!"—it is raging in fierce exultation,
All reckless and tameless,—your efforts are vain!
Lo! it laughs at your labour in triumph's elation,
And now, with fresh fury, it rises again !

And the roar of the elements meeting in madness—
The crash of vast timbers, that blaze as they fall—
The rushing of thousands, in terror and sadness—
Are sounds that the mightiest heart would appal !

Lo ! the river, that drank in the moonlight erewhile,
Now beams back the blaze of the flame-spirit's eye,
Flushing fitfully up in the light of his smile,
While he points, in his demon-delight, to the sky !

All clear and serene in its purity, beaming,
Night's amber-hued jewel floats tranquilly there,
As an icicle cold and transparent in seeming,
Undimm'd by the smoke, and unchang'd by the glare

Pour on the swift waters !—as well might ye strive
To check with a dewdrop the lightning's fierce play,
For the flames in their reckless resolve seem alive—
And look ! the proud tower to their fury gives way !

They have stol'n where sculptured in marble sub-
limely
The island kings stood in majestic repose,—
Oh ! blasted for ever by ruin untimely—
The wreck of their grandeur the conqueror shows

E'en the emblem of Time to their might doth surrender,—

Their mad work is finished invisibly there ;
And now, in new triumph and wild blazing splendor,
They rise where the music-bells sleep in the air.

Hush ! hark !—hath a pitying spirit from Heaven
Stol'n down to mourn over the smouldering pile ?
Wild, plaintive, and soft, is that melody given,
The throng's deep emotion to soothe and beguile.

Ah, no ! 'tis the last hallowed chime of those bells,
That will gladden no longer your hearts with their
peal ;

Even now, as more gaily the loved music swells,
The destroyer upon them doth rapidly steal.

And lo ! with a crash of strange discord they fall,
And the conqueror, weary of ruin and woe,
Disappears, leaving clouds of dense smoke, like
a pall,
O'er the scene where the pride of the city lies low !

MAY'S FELLOW-TRAVELLER.

A RAINBOW descends, softly winging,
Through tears and through tempests, its way ;
And Hope, like the ark-dove, is springing
To welcome the coming of May !

Her young smile will lighten through Heaven,
Her blushes our bowers will illumine,
And the cloud by that beam will be riven,
And the rose drink that blush till it bloom.

But not for the sun-burst on high,
And not for the rose-tinting ray,
But for something far holier, I
Will bless the sweet coming of May.

She will steal into shadowed recesses,
Where the timid young violet lies,
Till it wake to her playful caresses,
And wink 'neath her dazzling blue eyes.

She will laugh by the beautiful river,
By the fountain, the lake, and the brook,
Till freer and brighter than ever
They flow in the light of her look.

She will whisper within the green woods,
Till the birds catch her tones, and rejoice ;
And the holy and far solitudes
Shall echo her musical voice.

But not for all warblers that fly,
And not for the free waters' play,
Nor the violet's soft azure eye,
Will I welcome the coming of May.

There's a smile, that is truer and sweeter,
There are eyes, as deep blue as her own,
There's a step—a loved step—that is fleeter,
There's a dearer and tenderer tone !—

They—they will come with her,—and lo !
From the depth of my heart's winter-gloom,
Like flowers 'neath the sky's sunny glow,
Bright feelings will spring into bloom.

A rainbow descends, softly winging,
Through tears and through tempests, its way ;
And Hope, like the ark-dove, is springing
To welcome the coming of May !

THE THREE VICTORIES.—A SONG.

A SMILE was struggling with a tear,
In Mary's eye of truth ;
In Mary's heart were Love and Fear,
At Mary's feet—a youth !

The tear-drop in a dimple fell,
And 'mid her blush expired ;
Love lessoned Fear so sweetly well,
She curtsied, and retired.

Then beamed the victor-smile of light,
Gay Love the world defied,—
And proudly to the church that night
The brave youth bore his bride !

THE BABY OF SIX MONTHS OLD BLOWING
BACK THE WIND.

THE breeze was high, and blew her sun-brown
tresses
About her snowy brow and violet eyes ;
And she—my Ellen—brave and sweetly wise,
In gay defiance of its rough caresses,
With rosy, pouting mouth, essayed at length
To blow the rude wind back, that mocked her
baby-strength.

Ah ! thus when Fortune's storms assail thy soul,
Yield not, nor shrink ! but bear thee bravely
still
Against their fury ! With thine own sweet will
And childlike faith, oppose their fierce control,
So shalt thou bloom at last, my treasur'd flower,
Unharm'd by tempest-shock, in Heaven's calm
summer bower !

Lines on Howard's Picture of
"THE HOURS AWAKING THE MORNING."

SHE sleeps! on her cloud-pillows softly reclining,
Her glowing cheek dimples with dreamy delight,
Around her white shoulders rich sun-tresses twining,
With dim, dewy lustre, illumine the night;—

Yes! faint through the mist that enwreathes her
reposing,
The gleam of that golden hair glistens the while,
Making twilight on high;—till those blue eyes,
unclosing,
Shall flash on creation the wealth of their smile!

She sleeps! and the stars have gone by in their
glory,
Nor woke with their winged feet the dreamer they
met!
And Dian has stolen to tell the love-story
Her blooming Endymion listens to yet!

She sleeps! the young goddess Aurora!—so
glowing,

So sweet are her visions, she will not awake!
And silent and swift are the dim Hours going,—
But hark! o'er the stillness what music doth break!

Behold! through the mist, the fair Hour of the
Morning,
With smiles of arch meaning, floats gracefully by;
Her finger uplifted in frolicsome warning,
With song on her lip, and reproof in her eye!

“ Sweet sluggard! awaken!—Apollo is near!
Oh! fly ere the god shall thy slumbers surprise!
His flame-winged coursers already I hear!
Aurora! my sister!—awaken! arise!”

And the goddess springs up from the slumbers
that bound her,
And pauses in blushing bewilderment there;
Her rosy smiles melting the mist-wreath around
her,—
Her gold tresses shedding soft dew on the air!

Now slowly she comes!—Heaven kindles before
her,—

Her lark warbles proudly his passionate lay,—
Earth wooes with a smile the light step of Aurora,—
And Beauty and Music awake in her way!

EPIGRAM.

“COME back, sir!” said Kate, “Recollect from
to-day,
When I tell you to lave me, I mane you to stay!
Dont touch me!—How dare you?”—but Rory
bent down,
And kissed bonny Kathleen, in spite of her frown!
“Dont pout,” whispered he, “your own taching
is this,—
When you bid me not touch, sure you mane me
to kiss!”

MATILDE'S PICTURE.

BEAUTIFUL! beautiful!
Passion is stilled,
Meeting thy blessed eyes,
Happy Matilde!

All who behold thee—
The weary, the sad—
Yield to thy loveliness,
Loving and glad.

Joy, like the zephyr
That flies o'er the flower,
Rippling it into
Fresh fairness each hour,—

Waves o'er thy beauty
His sun-woven wing,
And dimples thy cheek
Like the roses of Spring.

It is not the rapture,
The fitful and wild,
That dies in a moment,
Thou shadowless child.

Over thy spirit,
Over thy brow,
Still will those pinions wave
Ever as now.

Within thee—around—
Shedding influence bright,—
An atmosphere, fairest,
Of sunny delight.

Unclouded by Sin,
And by Sorrow unchilled,
It was born with thy being,
My merry Matilde !

Soft as a wreathing cloud,
Free as the air,
Falls from thy forehead
Thy beautiful hair.

And Thought, like the glory
Through morning-mist seen,
Shines through that forehead
A spirit serene.

They tell me, blest cherub,
That tears never rise,—
Never dim for a moment
Thy melting, dark eyes!

That the spirit of Joy,
When those orbs were revealed,
Flew there with a smile,
And the tear-fountain sealed.

But it seems to me, sweet,
That a tear and a smile,
Are struggling for ever
Within them the while.

And brightly they tremble,
And tenderly too,
As blend on the blossom
The starlight and dew.

Ah ! Love knew the radiance
Joy kept revealing,
Would die, unless bathed
In the fountain of Feeling !

And the flashing ray floated
More soft than before,
When he broke the light seal,
And the warm tears ran o'er.

But they love their bright home,
And they never dare flow,
Lest they fall in the dimples
That frolic below.

Ah ! always as now
May that tender light gild
Thy tears as they tremble,
My tender Matilde !

THE CHILD PLAYING WITH A WATCH.

ART thou playing with Time in thy sweet baby-
glee?

Will he pause on his pinions to frolic with thee?
Oh! show him those shadowless, innocent eyes,
That smile of bewildered and beaming surprise;
Let him look on that cheek where thy rich hair
reposes,

Where dimples are playing "bopeep" with the
roses;

His wrinkled brow press with light kisses and
warm,

And clasp his rough neck with thy soft wreath-
ing arm.

Perhaps thy bewitching and infantine sweetness
May win him, for once, to delay in his fleetness;
To pause, ere he rifle, relentless in flight,

A blossom so glowing of bloom and of light.

Then, then would I keep thee, my beautiful child,
With thy blue eyes unshadowed, thy blush un-
defiled;

With thy innocence only to guard thee from ill,
In life's sunny dawning, a lily-bud still !
Laugh on ! my own Ellen ! that voice, which to me
Gives a warning so solemn, makes music for thee ;
And while I at those sounds feel the idler's annoy,
Thou hear'st but the tick of the pretty gold toy ;
Thou seest but a smile on the brow of the churl,
May his frown never awe thee, my own baby-girl.
And oh ! may his step, as he wanders with thee,
Light and soft as thine own little fairy-tread be !
While still in all seasons, in storms and fair weather,
May Time and my Ellen be playmates together.

BLANK VERSE.

A would-be poet wooed the muse in vain,
Then showed the page his pen refused to stain ;
But to my wondering query answered terse,—
“ Why do you stare ? I only tried blank verse ! ”

WHY DONT HE COME?

ALL the girls in the village save me have gone forth,
To meet the brave soldiers return'd from the North,
They have donn'd the best kirtle and braided their
hair,

And gaily their voices ring back on the air ;
But I am too happy to care for my dress,
Or to bind with bright ribbons the wild-waving
tress,

For the fairest, and bravest, and best of the band,
Will claim, ere the morrow, this heart and this hand.
Hush ! hark ! far away ! 'tis the bugle and drum !
Now louder and nearer—oh ! why dont he come ?

I cannot go forth with the others to claim
His smile—his caresses—I cannot for shame !
For my love is too holy, my joy is too high,
To bear the light gaze of each villager's eye ;
He would think I had changed,—I should shrink
from his touch,—
I should hate them to see that I love him so much.

But here! oh! how fondly I'll welcome him home!
He knows I am waiting him—why dont he come?

Perhaps cousin Mabel has seen him ere this,—
She would not be bashful at claiming a kiss;
How exulting she look'd as she join'd the gay girls,
With those red berries wreathing her shadowy curls!
It is true all the lads say her smile is divine,
But I dont think her eyes are so pretty as mine;—
So black and so bold! and they dazzle one so!
My Willie loves blue eyes and light hair I know:
He will not forget his own Ellen at home,
For Mabel or any one,—when will he come?

I'm weary of waiting—how strangely unkind
To linger so from me,—I've made up my mind
I wont kiss him now, when he does—ah! behold!
Who hastes o'er the common with bearing so bold?
He waves his plumed cap! it is he! it is he!
Bless his heart—how he flies now he's caught
sight of me!
Ah! Mabel may listen the bugle and drum,
And bewitch the whole regiment—Willie has come!

THE SHUNAMITE.

“ Is it well with those thou lovest ?
 Is thy husband safe ? thy child ?
 Pale, and lone, and sad, thou rovest !
 Speak !” he said, in accents mild.

Agony and Faith were blending,
 In the mother’s trembling soul,—
 Human, heavenly thoughts, contending,
 O’er her troubled spirit roll.

Pale in death, her darling boy
 In that darkened dwelling lay,—
 Blooming late with love and joy,
 Now a soulless shape of clay !

Quivering with her deep emotion,
 All in vain her cold lips part ;
 But the still strength of devotion,
 Calms, at last, her heaving heart.

Lifting to unclouded Heaven,
Eyes, whose tears she may not quell,
Be her moment's doubt forgiven!
Low she murmured, " It is well!"

THE DOOMED.

Ay ! doomed indeed to worse than death,
To teach those sweet lips hourly guile ;
To breathe thro' life but Falsehood's breath,
And smile with Falsehood's smile.

To kneel before that holy shrine,
Where only Truth should dare appear,
And clasp a hated hand in thine,
In silent shame and fear.

To speak that vow, with impious art,
Which binds thee ever, solely his,
While in thy shut and silent heart,
A dearer image is !

To wear within the poison-sting
 Of conscious wrong, that never dies ;
 And tremble, like a guilty thing,
 Before Affection's eyes !

To meet a husband's hallowed touch,
 Nor dare, yet long to shrink aside,
 To hate—to scorn thyself so much,
 Thou loath'st the world beside !

TO MISS B * * * S.

IF Rumour tell the truth, fair girl!
 Ere winter-tempests lower,
 Thou'lt wreath, thro' glossy braid and curl,
 A fragrant, snow-white flower ;—

And o'er thy dark and drooping eyes,
 Thy cheek's transparent glow,
 Where dimpled roses richly rise,
 A shining veil shall flow.

How fair the orange-bloom will smile
Amid that auburn braid !
How soft will burn thy blush the while,
Beneath the bridal-shade !

Thou'rt young to wed !—that virgin flower,
White as thine own pure brow,
Just stolen from its dewy bower,
Is not more fresh than thou.

Thou'rt young to wear the bridal-bloom,
Yet go ! for in thy heart,
A lovelier blossom lights the gloom,
That timid fears impart.

The heaven-fed flower of Purity,
Oh ! nurse the snow-drop still ;
And in its breath a charm shall be,
To guard thee from all ill.

LINES ON PERUSING THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF
JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

HE sports with a sentiment rich and rare,
As the subtle Jew with a diamond plays,
In the sunny light of his Fancy fair,
He shifts his treasure a thousand ways :
And the princely gem as swift it turns,
With a lovelier glory beams and burns.

The sun-beam searches the Diamond's heart,
What wealth of beauty illumed is seen !
Its gorgeous colours like lightning dart,
As if Iris were veiled in its dazzling sheen,
And fluttered her pinions of rainbow-light,
In pride at a prison so pure and bright.

Oh ! the selfsame gem in an idler's mind,
With a taste and skill less rare than his,
Would lie as changeless and undefined,
As the Diamond dim in the shadow is,
And none would dream of the sparkling play
Of those plumes within, that folded lay !

ON A PICTURE,

Representing a maiden with a pair of scales, and Love with a butterfly; the winged boy rises, as he should, and the motto beneath is,—“ Love is the lightest !”

SILLY maiden, weigh them not !
Butterflies are earthly things ;
Thou forgett'st their lowly lot,
Gazing on their glittering wings.

Rather weigh thy taper pale
With the light by Luna given ;
Will the heaven-ray turn the scale ?
Will the earth-lamp rise to heaven ?

Love,—ethereal, holy Love !
Buoyant, joyous, proud, and free,
Maiden, see ! he soars above
Worldly Pride and Vanity !

Rightly to its native earth
Sinks the gilded insect-fly ;
Love—of holier, heavenlier birth—
Rises tow'rds his home on high !

Maiden ! throw the scales away,
 Never weigh poor Love again ;
 Let his pinions freely play,
 Bind him not with vassal-chain !

See ! he lifts his wondering eye
 Half reproachfully to thee ;—
 Measured with a butterfly !
 I'd take wing if I were he !

If he must be proved and tried,
 Weigh him in thine own true heart,
 'Gainst a frowning world beside,—
 Wealth and rank 'gainst bow and dart !—

If he do not scorn the measure,
 Soaring high o'er them and thee,—
 Worth the world and worldly treasure,—
 Mark me ! Love outweighs the three !

ON THE SAME.—TO CUPID IN THE SCALES.

WHERE are your wings and your will, Love?
How can you be such a dunce?
Why do you keep them so still, Love?
Why dont you use them at once?

Pray tell me what they were made for,
If not to fly from a chain?
What do you stay to be weighed for?
Talk not of Freedom again!

Sitting so tame and so quiet,
Just like a dove in its nest;
Why dont you kick up a riot?
Where is the pride of your breast?

Mount, Love, the back of the butterfly,
Leave the light girl to her doom,
Off to the clouds, and let not a fly
Thus his frail earth-pinions plume!

Spirit of Joy and of Passion,
 Plumed with the beams of the sun!
 Weighed in so worldly a fashion,
 Just for an idle maid's fun!

Beat by a butterfly hollow,
 Tried by an insect so low,
 While the proud fire of Apollo
 Bright in thy bosom doth glow!

Spurn the false scales to the deuce, Love,
 Laugh the cold maiden to scorn,
 Punish so saucy a "ruse," Love,
 Leave her alone and forlorn!

A LOVER'S SIMILE.

MINE eye is but a burning glass,
 Wherein your smile's too fatal rays
 Brought to a focus, set—alas!
 My poor heart in a blaze!

SONG OF THE SPOILED BEAUTY.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED PLAY.

THOUGH you wreath in my raven hair jewels
the rarest,
That ever illumined the brow of a queen,
I should think the least one that were wanting
the fairest,
And pout at their lustre in petulant spleen ;
Though the Diamond should lighten there, regal
in splendour,
The Topaz its sunny glow shed o'er the curl,
And the Emerald's ray tremble, timid and tender,
If the Pearl be not by,—I should sigh for the
Pearl !

Tho' you fling at my feet all the loveliest flowers,
That Summer is waking in forest and field,
I should pine 'mid the bloom you had brought
from her bowers,
For some little blossom Spring only could yield :

Take the Rose with its passionate beauty and
bloom, love,
The Lily so pure, and the Tulip so bright;
Since I miss the sweet Violet's lowly perfume, love,
The Violet only my soul can delight!

THE HERO'S DEATH.

FROM THE SAME.

WAR's clarion calls to arms!
"To horse—to horse," he cries;
"Hush, ladye-love, thy wild alarms!"
Away his charger flies!

Where fiercest flows the flight,
His snow-white plume waves high;
All's lost, his comrades turn for flight,
He stands his ground—to die.—

To die!—that blow struck home—
Yet, yet he braves the foe!
"A rescue!" hark! they come! they come!
But the snow-white plume lies low!

LAND HO! OR THE SHIP IN PORT.

FROM THE SAME.

My heart has been the plaything, love, of woman,
like a ship,
That every fickle wandering gale may toss about
at will ;
Now wooed to hidden danger, by the south wind's
wanton lip,
Now shivering in the northern gale, with fever-
fit, and chill.

But escaped from syren treachery, it has found
a haven at last,
Where the whirlpool cannot lure to death, nor
breakers lash its rails ;
By thy dear side the pilot Love has moored it
safe and fast,
Dropped anchor at thy fairy feet, and furled its
flying sails !

THE BELLE'S CONSOLATION.

FROM THE SAME.

Is he false? then I am free!
I pledged my troth to Taste and Sense;
Since these he's lost, he'll e'en lose me;
So tell him, girl, and bid him hence!

Ne'er heart of mine shall break for Love;
Come, Wealth! and woo a willing bride!
I'll treat the truant like my glove,
Too easy grown—'tis thrown aside,—

I throw it by, and buy another;
If loose that sets—I set it free;
Cupid no more my heart shall bother,
For Wealth can win as well as he.

Is he false? then I am free!
He vowed he followed Beauty's banners;
Since these he's lost in losing me,
Heaven help the youth—and mend his manners!

THE INFANT ELLEN'S LETTER FROM ENGLAND,
TO HER COUSIN ANNA (SIX YEARS OF AGE)
IN AMERICA.

THEY tell me, love, that far away,
Beyond the unfathomed tide,
I have a little friend at play,
My grandsire's knee beside.

They bid me call her "cousin,"—dear,
Her name is Anna Wells;
And many a pretty tale of her,
My loving mother tells.

She says, her lip is like a rose,
Her eye a gem of light,
Her cheek such changing colour shows,
As veils the morning bright.

That o'er a forehead fair and mild
Her soft brown hair is parted,
And she's a pleasant, playful child,
A bright and happy-hearted.

Of one thing, I am certain, dear,
 This dark-eyed coz must be
A lovely one, for oft I hear
 That she resembles me.

And I—I do assure you, sweet,
 Am quite a perfect creature,—
Such dainty hands! such cunning feet!
 Such grace of form and feature!

Rich, violet eyes and auburn hair,
 A soft and pure complexion;
And then, the lovely clothes I wear!
 They fit me to perfection.

I fear you'll think me very vain,
 But, really, when I hear
My father talk in such a strain,
 How can I help it, dear?

Sometimes, when in my cradle, I,
 In meditation meek,
Allow my silken lash to lie
 Demurely on my cheek,—

He thinks that I am fast asleep,
And bids mamma come near;
While such a sober face I keep
He does not dream I hear.—

“ She’s really very beautiful,”—
This morn he whispering said,—
“ How gracefully upon her breast
“ Those tiny hands are laid !

“ There’s mind already on that brow,
“ How bright the child is growing !
“ Why, one would think she heard me now,
“ She looks so very knowing !

“ Would you believe it ?—yesterday
“ I chanced to breathe a sigh,—
“ She looked directly in my face
“ And then began to cry !

“ Her reasoning powers are very strong,
“ Behold that bump !”—he said—
(Dont tell ! it was a bump I got
When mother knocked my head.)

Not he alone, but others, while
My fond papa is by,
Declare I have the sweetest smile,
The loveliest lip and eye !

They kiss, they hug, they toss me up,
And do make such a pother,—
“ The pretty little darling dear !
“ The image of her mother !”

But if papa but turns his eye,
Or leaves me in their arms,
Why, in their arms they let me lie,
Unheeding then my charms.

Ah ! cousin dear, Experience
Has taught me how to prize
The flattery of the faithless crowd,
Who laud my lips and eyes ;

And I have learned, with stoic smile
And brow serene, to hear,
Whene'er they choose to praise and pet
“ The little darling dear.”

But these are trifles ; I have woes,
 'Twill grieve thy loving heart
To hear,—and in those radiant eyes
 The pitying tear will start !

Then listen, love, but breathe it not !—
 I would not, that the gay
And heartless world should know my lot,—
 And thou wilt not betray ?

In truth, to others' eyes, I seem
 A tranquil child, and blest,
And none, not e'en mamma, doth dream
 The sorrows of my breast !

The cheek may glow, the eye may smile,
 The lips in laughter part,
While coldly, 'neath them all the while,
 Slow throbs the suffering heart !

And first—(I know the child is blamed,
 Who e'er a parent blames ;—
But who such trial tamely bears ?)
 My father calls me names !

Last night, he dipped me, head and all,
The naughty, cruel man!
And just because I chanced to fall
He called me "Pitchapan!"

And then, when struggling for my food,
(I'd been three hours without,)
And could not find it quick enough,
'Twas little "Bobabout!"

Mamma, too, when she takes me up,
To fondle me, begins
And calls me "cherub," "snow-drop," "star!"
I can't think what she means!

What is a star?—do you know, love?
This morn, when on mamma
I smiled,—the nurse exclaimed, "She's woke
As smiling as a star!"

This is not all,—whenever I
(I can't do well without it,)
Think to enjoy a quiet cry,
There's such a fuss about it!

The "luxury of tears," we all
Have read in poets' dreams,
'Tis left for babes like us to tell
The luxury of "screams."

But scarce do hapless I begin,
Than all are crowding round me,
And pull and push to find the pin,
With which my nurse has bound me!

Yet, when the pin does really prick,
And I begin to whimper,
To cry and struggle, scream and kick,
'Tis—"Goodness! What a temper!"

Ah! should I pain that gentle breast,
With all my infant troubles,
You'd own that hope's a dream at best,
And pleasures are but bubbles!

E'en now to think of all my woe,
My baby heart is swelling;
But you will sympathise, I know,
And love your cousin,

Ellen.

P. S. And, dearest, when again you play
Beside our grandpa's knee,
Remember one who's far away,
And talk to him of me!

LITTLE ELLEN'S REPLY TO HER COUSIN.

YOUR letter came safely, dear Anna,
And much I'm indebted to thee
For the graceful and delicate manner
In which it comments upon me.
But your pardon, sweet coz, if I ask you
Who wrote an epistle so fine?
I'm sorry so closely to task you,
But really some parts are divine.
Dont imagine I doubt your own power
To perpetrate verses sublime;
I dare say you rhyme by the hour,
With many a musical chime.

But steep is the path up Parnassus,
And long for steps tiny as ours ;
And feet more experienced pass us,
While we at its foot gather flowers.
I am sure we should stumble alone,
And I should like to know who helped thee ;
I am perfectly willing to own
That my own dear mamma aided me.

But as to your wish, love, of holding
So bouncing a baby as I,
My form in those fond arms enfolding,—
Some morning I'll just let you try.
They say you are slight as a fairy,—
I'm strong, and a bit of a shrew ;
Now you dear little thing, light and airy,
Pray dont you think I could hold you ?
But if you're inclined for a frolic,
My own little cousin, with me,
Some morning when I'm melancholic,
I'll take a trip over the sea ;—
I'll wear my best frock and blue band,
I'll curl up my hair over night,
I'll clasp my sweet bells in my hand,
To tinkle me tunes in my flight ;

I'll climb to thy knee for my throne, love,
I'll nestle my head on thy breast,
I'll lay my light hand in thine own, love,
I'll pinch thee—but only in jest;
I'll wreath round my rosy-tipped fingers
Thy ringlets of silk with delight;
But my hand's apt to pull where it lingers—
Would you weep if I pulled them too tight?
Upon thy soft shoulder reposing,
I'll give thee sweet kisses and light;
But my lips have a sad trick of closing—
Shall you scold if I happen to bite?

I don't know what mother will say,
When she looks, and in vain, all about,
To find her young "star" flown away,—
She will fancy that I am "put out!"

Oh! I did as you told me last night,
I stole to the edge of the bed,
And I peeped through a pin-hole so slight,
'Twas "a bird's-eye view," you'd have said;
"I'm sure I can't think where they are,
These glittering creatures," thought I,

“ In the sky I must look for the star,
But where must I look for the sky ?
There’s something that’s shining like fire
On mother’s work-table, close by,
But it cannot be what I desire,
For it is not so pretty as I.”
At last, I looked up into Heaven,
(I know where that is from mamma,)
And I saw a blue curtain unriven,
But not the least sign of a star.
Yet I think, dearest, that was the curtain
You bade me so slyly peep through,
For of this I am perfectly certain,
That as I was watching its hue,
I suddenly saw a bright face
Peeping out of a little loophole ;
And the very next moment, no trace
Was left of it, love, on my soul !
But again it appeared, with a smile
So beaming with heavenly glee,
So loving and lovely the while,
I am sure it was looking at me !
I imagine it must have been one
Of those bright little cherubs, you know,

Who with Heaven's messages run,
On their winged feet of light, to and fro ;
I dont think it could be a star,—
However, I mean to ask mother ;
How funny for two little stars
To be playing " bopeep " with each other !

Mamma bids me say, though I warn her
That I shall take up the whole space,
She has still in her heart a warm corner
For dear cousin Anna's bright face.
But I shan't let you have it, my darling !
Lest, looking your lodgings about,
You should see me, and cry, like Sterne's starling,
What's that ? " let me out ! let me out ! "
I assure you, I'm fierce as a hero,
I fight with my hands and my feet ;
I'm quite as relentless as Nero,
(You've read of that gentleman, sweet ?)
But if you will change places with me,
And let me have your mother's heart,
Perhaps mine would let me go free,—
Ah, no ! it would kill us to part !

Hark ! I hear her quick step on the stair,
She would scold should my pen meet her view ;
I must put on an innocent air ;—
My sweet correspondent, adieu !
Give my love to each uncle, aunt, cousin,
That cares for me, dearest, I pray ;
I hear I have them by the dozen,
“ Cui bono ”—so far, far away ?
And give to my darling grandma, love,
And grandpa, whom mother loves so ;—
Fond kisses, just such as “ a star,” love,
Would be apt on a friend to bestow.
Alas ! these farewells make me sigh,
They are things to be sad and to sob about,
But it must be,—my cousin, good bye !
Your own little

Pitchapan Bobabout.

P. S. You've a brother, named Willie,
Has he heard of his cousin afar ?
Dont think me coquettish and silly,—
Once more, your affectionate

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THE ABSENT MOTHER'S PORTRAIT.

I MARVEL not her pleasant face so sweet a smile
doth wear,
Her only son was in her heart when she was
pictured there ;—
She fancied how, with tearful eyes and quivering
lip, the while,
He'd gaze upon the welcome prize, and kiss that
lovely smile !
Oh ! never with the portrait part, while life and
sense are thine !
'Twill prove a guardian to thy heart, through
Fortune's shade and shine ;
Thou couldst not find in fairy realms an amulet
or spell,
Would hallow thee from grief and sin so faithfully
and well !
For while those eyes are on thee still, to smile
when thou art blest,
And fill with tears, or seem to fill, when Sorrow
is thy guest,

To glance a glad approval down on noble thought
and deed,
Or change to mournful tenderness, if Error should
mislead,
My life on it—no word, which thou wouldst blush
to have her hear,
Will stain thy lip—no reckless act will cause her
heart a tear!
No! holy Honour, fearless Truth, and Purity, will
raise,
To that beloved and loving face, a fond and fear-
less gaze.

When friends around thy festal board in social
mirth are met,
And pledging thee—their generous host—the
laughing lip is wet,
Then will the love-charm work, I ween,—for oh!
the cup that's quaffed,
Where soft her hallowed semblance glows, will
not be filled too oft!
Ah, no! no queen of fairy land could lend thee
charm or spell,
Would guard thee from all grief and sin so fai'
fully and well!

Well may'st thou prize the portrait, and blest
indeed is she

Whose son has chosen a mother's form for house-
hold deity !

TO EMMA A——.

I SHALL not soon forget thee, with thy dark and
flashing eye,

And the pretty little haughty head thou carriest
so high,

With thy throat, whose swan-like curve is the
loveliest I have seen,

And the spirit and the grace of thy merry maiden-
mien.

I shall not soon forget thee, with thy smile's be-
wildering charm,

With thy snow-white dimpled hand, and thy
softly-rounded arm ;

With thy form of fairy moulding, so perfect, yet
petite,
And the light and restless movements of thy
dainty little feet.

I do not think I ever shall forget thee! for thine art
Of bewitching all about thee has entangled half
my heart;
I am sure I never shall forget the kind and gentle
thought
Which prompted the fair offering those tiny fin-
gers wrought.

It is treasured in a memory where friendly deeds
of yore
And loving words I've hoarded, as a miser hoards
his store;
And when the rosy lustre of thy starlike gift is past,
And the rich, soft gloss upon it now is worn away
at last,
The memory of thy kindness shall be fresh and
fair as ever,
And bright within my soul shall be the image of
the giver!

WRITTEN IN RUTH'S ALBUM.

WHAT'S in a name? the merry minstrel asks—
An idle question—idler my reply,—
And vain,—for who his plodding brain that tasks,
Can the bard's comment on those words deny?
The flower and thou would seem as sweet, in sooth,
Without the lovely names of Rose and Ruth.

Yet feel I well there is a charm in thine,
Tender and soft, as it is plain and short,
So will I rhyme it with my simple line,
And thus upon the laughing bard retort.
Devoted constancy, and faith, and truth,
Dwell with that syllable of sweetness—"Ruth."

Oh! who can hear it, and remember not
That lovely story of the olden-time,
Of her who joined her own fair blooming lot
With the sad wanderer's of the eastern clime;
Forgetting home, and hope, and love, and youth,
At duty's call,—the pure and patient Ruth!

And who that looks on thee, can fail to own
In thy dark, earnest eyes—that all but speak—
And in the pleading witchery of thy tone,
A tenderness like hers, as soft and meek,
And feel, remembering her unfaltering truth,
There's more than music in the name of Ruth?

A PLEASANT DIVORCE.

KATE's nose was retroussée—her husband's a
Roman,—

One day in a passion he bade her begone,—
“Which way?” said she,—“Follow your nose,
silly woman!”

He answered with pointed and petulant scorn.

Kate laughed as she whispered,—“The taunt is
forgiven,

It implies such a compliment, dearest, you know!
I'll follow my nose, sir, with pleasure—to Heaven,
If you'll follow yours—to the regions below!”

NEW ENGLAND'S MOUNTAIN-CHILD.

WHERE foams the fall—a tameless storm—
Through Nature's wild and rich arcade,
Which forest-trees, entwining, form,
There trips the Mountain-maid!

She binds not her luxuriant hair
With dazzling gem or costly plume,
But gaily wreathes a rose-bud there,
To match her maiden-bloom.

She clasps no golden zone of pride
Her fair and simple robe around;
By flowing ribbon, lightly tied,
Its graceful folds are bound.

And thus attired,—a sportive thing,
Pure, loving, guileless, bright, and wild,—
Proud Fashion! match me in your ring,
New England's Mountain-child!

She scorns to sell her rich, warm heart,
For paltry gold, or haughty rank,—
But gives her love, untaught by art,
Confiding, free, and frank !

And, once bestowed,—no fortune-change
That high and generous faith can alter ;
Through grief and pain—too pure to range—
She will not fly or falter.

Her foot will bound as light and free
In lowly hut, as palace-hall ;
Her sunny smile as warm will be,—
For Love to her is all !

Hast seen where in our woodland-gloom
The rich Magnolia proudly smiled ?—
So brightly doth she bud and bloom,
New England's Mountain-child !

JUVENILE RHYMES.



JUVENILE RHYMES.

ADDRESS TO MY JUVENILE READERS.

BUT few fleeting years have passed over my head,
Since I too was playing in Youth's sunny bowers,
And oh ! with as free and as careless a tread,
As ever chased butterfly over wild flowers !

Reluctant was I the sweet limit to leave,
That parts merry childhood from woman's sad lot ;
And now, half in sorrow, yet smiling, I weave
A wreath from those scenes that are never forgot.

Dear children, while chasing with soul-lighted
smile

The butterfly—Fancy—my posies amid,
Remember some sweet little moral the while,
In the heart of each blossom, like honey, is hid !

Then take the light garland,—’twas woven for you ;
And say, while you cherish each simple “ wild
flower,”—

When critics more stern its construction would
view,—

“ Oh ! breathe on it softly ! it dies in an hour !”

CHILDHOOD.

AH ! well may sages bow to thee,
Dear, loving, guileless Infancy !
And sigh beside their lofty lore
For one untaught delight of thine,
And feel they’d give their Learning’s store
To know again thy truth divine.

Ah! well may pampered Luxury,
Aweary of his wasted wealth,
Thy dearer treasures sigh to see,—
Thy careless glee,—thy blooming health,—
Thy frolic footstep, light and free,—
Thy glowing smile, that far outshines
The rosiest jewel of his mines!

And well may eagle-Power look down,
And scorn his eyrie and his crown!
What though his gifted speech have stirred
Some stoic's heart with eloquent prayer?
From infant Innocence—a word
Will win its way as surely there,
And the same fount of feeling, struck
By his mind's magic from the rock,
Will yield with willing flow, the while,
To Childhood's voice and Childhood's smile!

JACK FROST.

A BRIGHT, little rogue jumped out of bed,
With his cheek flushed warm,—and his moist,
 brown hair
Curling and floating all over his head,
As if Slumber had only been frolicking there.
He sprang to the window in wild surprise,
And a smile stole up to his deep blue eyes ;
For the glass was all wrought into landscapes white,
As if formed of feathers of fleecy light !
Willy knew by the tracery, strange and fair,
That a queer little artist, called Frost, had been
 there,
And he cried out, ('twas naughty to swear so !)
 “ by Jindo !
I know who it is that's been painting my window ! ”
He thought he spied him outside of the pane—
That funny old man—when he looked again ;
With his twinkling eyes, keen, cold, and bright,
His pallet of pearl, and pencil of light,
His snow-feather pinions with moonbeams inlaid,
And his three-cornered cap of a diamond made.

He looked hard at Willy, as much as to say,
 "I would give my best icicle, only to play
 With your wild, bright hair, or your cheek's warm
 rose,

Or to bite but the tip of your dear little nose!"
 And Will caught the meaning that lurk'd in his eye,
 And shook his rich curls, as he laughed in reply,—
 "No, no! Mr. Frost! you may peep, if you please,
 Over the mountains and through the trees;
 You may float in the clouds, through the deep
 midnight,

And play with your jewels of rainbow light;
 You may dance on the lake with your twinkling feet,
 Till it harden beneath them—a silver sheet;
 You may wave your wings o'er the woodland bloom,
 And sprinkle their sparkles amid the gloom,
 Till the whole wide forest, from giant-pine
 To baby-bush, with your snow-plumes shine!
 You may look on the rivulet murmuring by,
 Till you charm it to sleep with your clear, cold eye,

 And bid it forget its flowing;
 You may do what you will, and I shall not fear,—
 For I am determined you shan't come here;—
 Mother! how cold it is growing!—

No, no! Mr. Frost! you may bite, if you please,
The poor, little, shivering buds on the trees;
You may dig, with the point of your cap, in the
earth,

Till you come to the place where the flowers have
birth,

And tell them they mustn't come up,—if they do,
You'll pinch them all, till they're black and blue,—

You may frighten the lilies and roses;
You may bite the bush—the vine—the tree;
But, Mr. Jack Frost! if you dare to bite me!—

Mother! how cold my nose is!—

No, no! Mr. Frost! you may eat the grass;
You may try your teeth upon window glass,

Since you must do some mischief or other;
You may swallow the stream; and the deep, full sea,
You thirsty old fellow, your drink may be!
But, Jonathan Frost! you shall not eat me!

Oh! give me my breakfast, mother!"

The milk was lifted for Willy to sip;
But he felt just then, on his soft, warm lip,
A tiny touch from a hand of ice,—
And he put it away from his mouth in a trice.

What do you think he found in his cup?
Shining and shivering, icy and bony,—
The pert, little iceman, himself, peeped up,—
Mr. Jonathan Frost, “in propria personæ!”
Willy lifted the bowl,—one draught he drew,—
“And pray, Mr. Jack Frost! where are you?
You needn’t go diving and glancing about,
As if you expected to slide yourself out!”
Ah! Willy! he drained the sweet cup with delight!
But when he had finished, he stared in affright!—
He thought he should find him all snugly curl’d up,
The poor little painter, within the deep cup;
But no!—he had vanished!—no trace was there!
And Willy looked, vainly, to earth and to air;—
“He jumped from it while I was drinking, I know;
Mother, dear mother, did you see him go?
You’re a coward, Jack Frost! and the next time
I meet you,
If you dare touch my breakfast,—you see’f I dont
eat you!”

THE LITTLE HAND.

WE wandered sadly round the room,—
We missed the voice's play,
That warbled through our hours of gloom,
And charmed the cloud away ;—

We missed the footstep, loved and light,—
The tiny, twining hand,—
The quick, arch smile, so wildly bright,—
The brow, with beauty bland !

We wandered sadly round the room,—
No relic could we find,
No toy of hers, to soothe our gloom,—
She left not one behind !

But look ! there is a misty trace,
Faint, undefined and broken,
Of fingers, on the mirror's face,—
A dear, though simple token !

A cherub hand !—the child we loved
Had left its impress there,
When first, by young Ambition moved,
She climbed the easy-chair ;—

She saw her own sweet self, and tried
To touch what seemed to be
So near, so beautiful ! and cried,—
“ Why ! there’s another me !”

Dear hand ! though from the mirror’s face
Thy form did soon depart,
I wore its welcome, tender trace,
Long after, in my heart !

HOPE’S RAINBOW.

FAIR Hope, with light and buoyant form,
Came smiling through the clouds of Care,
Glanced bright defiance on the storm,
And hung her bow of promise there !

THE STAR OF PROMISE.

WHEN kneeling sages saw, of yore,
Their star of promise rise for them,
How Learning's lamp grew dim before
The heaven-born light of Bethlehem !

How faltered Wisdom's haughty tone,
When, led by God's exulting choir,
His radiant herald glided on—
The darkling heathen's beacon-fire !

When sweet, from many an angel voice,
While rang the viewless harps of Heaven,
He heard their song of love—" Rejoice,
For peace on earth, and sin forgiven !"

The Chaldean flung his scroll aside,
The Arab left his desert-tent,
Their hope—their trust—that beaming guide,
Till low at Mary's feet they bent !—

Ay! Asia's wisest knelt around,
Forgetting Fame's too earthly dream;
While bright, upon the hallowed ground,
Their golden gifts—a mockery—gleam.

There vainly too their censers breathed,—
Oh! what were incense, gems, to Him,
Around whose brow a glory wreathed,
That made their day-star's splendour dim?

To Him, o'er whose blest spirit came
The fragrance of celestial flowers,
Who saw the countless plumes of flame
That play'd thro' Heaven's resplendent bowers?

To kneeling Faith's devoted eye,
It shines—that Star of Promise—now,
Fair, as when far, in Asia's sky,
It lit her sage's lifted brow!

No sparkling treasure we may bring,
Nor “gift of gold,” nor jewel-stone;
The censer's sweets we may not fling,
In incense, round our Saviour's throne;—

But when, o'er Sorrow's clouded view,
That planet rises to our prayer,
We, where it leads, may follow too,
And lay—a contrite spirit there!

LITTLE ANNA'S PICTURE.

'Tis but a pencil-sketch,—yet lovely still,
And true as lovely! the rich mouth is there,
The simple parting of the sun-brown hair,
The large and lustrous eyes, all eloquent
With their unchildlike, earnest look of thought,
And the transparent fairness of the forehead!
It is all Anna,—save the faint rose-shade
That trembles on her cheek, but in her lips
Deepens to crimson,—and the tinge of gold,
Revelling like a sunbeam 'mid her hair,
While in those eyes, which wear the selfsame hue
Of glossy brown, it melts to tender smiles!

I would the picture could those colours wear,
For in their contrast, half her beauty lies ;—
The chesnut richness of her drooping lash,
Lying like silk upon that dimpled cheek,
Makes the warm rose-tint softer with its shade.
I would this little sketch those colours wore ;
But I've another portrait of the child,
Wrought by a hand more powerful and true,—
A portrait that will never fade, a hand
Whose angel-skill is perfect and undying ;
There the brown hair on blue-veined temples rests,
Just as it did on Anna's ; the sweet lips
Are as like hers, as hers are like a rose-bud ;
And the clear, beaming eyes, the colour wear
With which her own are radiant !—It is true,—
For long ago, before our darling left us,
Love drew her picture “in my heart of heart,”
And Memory preserves it beautiful !

THE BOY-PAINTER.

"My mother's kiss made me a painter!"

Life of Sir Benjamin West.

A LITTLE heart, where slept the germ, as yet in
night concealed,
Of power and glory since to be (how radiantly!)
revealed,
Alone, beside a cradle bed, was beating fast and
warm,
Where, beautiful in slumber, lay a baby's dimpled
form!

The infant smiled in sleep, and lo! a little, ardent
hand,
Ere fled the smile, had snatched a pen and paper
from the stand,
And traced the cradle and the babe, as if by magic
spell,—
How soft, beneath that tiny touch, the fairy fea-
tures fell!

How fondly o'er the playful sketch he bends—the
enraptured boy!

Unmindful of his precious charge, so deep his
dream of joy;

'Tis broken by a stealing step,—his mother caught
the prize,

And kissed away the cloud of doubt that filled
his timid eyes!

O blessed Love! how mighty thou to sway the
human heart!

A subtle, yet a holy king and conqueror thou art!

His sister's smile awoke the germ,—his mother's
kiss, the flower,—

And a world's tears, the fruit, embalm, in many
a classic bower!

THE TIME TO PRAY.

“WHAT is the lady doing there?”

Louise, before a picture, cried;

“The lady kneels in holy prayer,”

Her sister, Bell, replied.

[P 2

Louisa's eyes in musing fell,—

“ You say the lady kneels in prayer,—
To-day, you know, is Friday, Bell,
And is it Sunday there ?”

“ Ah ! dear Louise, can no one pray
At any other time as well ?
Must Sunday be the only day ?”
Said thoughtful Isabel.

“ I should be very sad, if I,
Who sorrow almost every day
For something wrong, must wait and sigh,
Till Sunday comes, to pray.

“ When I have erred, in deed or word,
And tears arise, and blind my eye,
My heart and lips with prayer are stirred,
Till I forget to cry.

“ When lightly on my downy bed
I wake and find the morning there,
I think, whose smile the morning made,
And speak to God in prayer.

“ When day’s bright door is shut, I know
 Whose viewless hand forbids her beam,
 And dare not to my slumber go,
 Till I have prayed to Him !

“ Ah ! dear Louise ! no matter where,
 No matter what the hour or day,
 The solemn eve—the morning fair—
 ’Tis always good to pray.”

And young Louise said meekly then,—
 “ If kneeling lady any where
 I see, I will not ask again,
 If it is Sunday there.”

ON SEEING AN ENGRAVING OF A SHIPWRECK.

AH me ! I never see a scene like this,
 But o’er my heart a sudden shadow goes,
 A faint, but fearful vision of the storm,
 That wreck’d the darling of our household hearth—

My brother!—beautiful, and good, and young!
I was a child when he was lost at sea,
And hardly knew the loss, or him remembered;
But often since, in my lone hours of thought,
I've had dim dreamings of a blue-eyed boy,
Who watched and sometimes shared my pleasant
play;
And when swift gleams went by of waving hair,
And brow of girlish softness, and a smile,
Rich with heart-tenderness, and truth, and joy,
I've felt that such were his, and blessed my dream.
Then I recall his parting gift—a book,—
It would be worth all others to me now!—
Alas! 'twas lost before a week had flown;
Yet with his last caress he bade me keep it,
Till he should come,—he never came again!
Returning, and almost in sight of home,
Already seen in Fancy,—his young cheek
Yet blest and warm with Love's imagined kiss,
And his pure heart o'erflowing with sweet hopes,
The ship went down—a shattered wreck,—and
he!—
That night his welcome-home was breathed in
Heaven!

REPLY TO A LETTER FROM AN ABSENT SISTER.

DEAR SISTER, if the world has aught,
That wakens envy in my thought,
It is the picture of myself,
That hangs above your "little shelf."

You say it does not sympathize,—
Alas! the cold and painted phiz,
With silent lips and soulless eyes,—
It does not know how blest it is!

Unmoved it hears, what I would hear
With beating heart and raptured ear;
Untouched it sees, what I would see
With loving looks and answering glee!
It hears your blessed child address
Its form with cherub tenderness;
And, all unchanged, is callous too
To words of sister-love from you!
It hears her warbling voice prolong
The notes of some impromptu song,—

A merry bird, untaught by art,
Singing the music in her heart ;
It hears the laughter, wild and soft,
With which she cheers your sorrow oft ;
The prayer, that rises from her lips
Like incense from the tender rose,
Before her happy spirit slips
Into its mantle of repose !
It sees, her pretty, fairy feet,
Glide in and out, with motion fleet,
Or take, by true and graceful rule,
The steps they learn at dancing-school !
It sees her soft and serious eyes,
Dilating into bright surprise,
When some dear gift from grandpapa
Reminds her of the friends afar !
It sees—ah ! how much more than these,
That dull, but favoured picture sees,
Which I would give the world could be
One moment visible to me !

Yes, sister, I do think of you,
With tender sympathy and true,
And almost wish my very self
Could hang above that “ little shelf.”

THE CHILD'S DOUBT.

“ You know you told me, mother dear,
 (How can I think it true?)
 That God can always see and hear
 Whate'er I say and do.

“ I listen, mother, for His voice,
 I look, His form to see;
 I see Him not—I hear Him not,
 Then how can He see me?”

“ My child, you often tremble when
 The clouds are talking loud,
 And are you not afraid to hear
 His voice, who made the cloud?

“ And see! the sun is in the skies!
 Look up, with steadfast gaze,—
 You cannot—no! it hurts your eyes,
 Too strong the wondrous blaze;—

“ Yet faint before the face of Him,
That glory is a shade,
Or at the best, a moment's gleam,
His pitying glance has made !”

“ But, mother, when the day is dark,
When shadows dim the air,
By radiant breakings through the cloud,
I know the sun is there.”

“ My child, the heavens, and earth, and air,
Are darkness to His day,
And all the glow of glory there,
His love's attempered ray.

“ In mercy to our senses weak,
He shades His presence bright,
In Nature's music veils His voice,
And in her smile His light !”

TO SEE THEE SMILE AGAIN.

DEAR Lizzie, when, in childhood's hour,
Whate'er my laws, you would rebel,
And I, who fancied age was power,
Would feel my little bosom swell
With anger infantine, because
My mimic frown unheeded was,
Our tiny tongues went very fast,
And mine—mine always went the last!
But when at length some childish jest
Upon my pouting lip would rise,
And wound my darling sister's breast,
And fill with tears her dear, dark eyes,—
Ashamed to own my fault to thee,
Yet grieved in heart thy grief to see,—
Rememberest thou how many a wile
I tried, thy sorrow to beguile?
Ah! even then I felt that Joy
Must flee my spirit, thine in pain,
And thought I'd give my prettiest toy
To see thee smile again!

Dear Lizzie, in maturer years,
An angry word, or careless jest,
Too often now distils the tears
Of sorrow from thy gentle breast ;
Yet, love, believe—thy sister's heart,
Whate'er its many errors be,
Would never lightly pain impart,
And least of all to thee !

Oh ! Passion's words are faithless things,
And Love disowns them ere they fall ;
It is the reckless tongue that stings—
The tongue that knows not Reason's thrall.
Cold Satire's light and airy dart,
Its point, its poison, there receives ;
And ere the weapon reach thy heart,
My own has felt the wound it gives !
And when I see thy dear lip curled,
And quivering with thy just disdain,
I sigh, and think I'd give the world
To see thee smile again !

EDWARD'S TRIAL.

A TRUE STORY.

A ROGUISH elf is Ned, I ween,
 Five blooming years the boy has seen,
 Yet even now, his wily wit
 Far older lips would well befit.

One day, as by the door he stands,
 He cries aloud, " My father comes !"
 And clasps, in joy, his little hands ;
 " He's brought me home some sugar-plums !"
 For dearly loves the petted boy
 A sweetmeat, cake, or candied toy.

The father entered,—put aside
 His hat and coat with quiet care,
 Then slow the packet's string untied,
 And laid its tempting treasures bare ;
 With lips apart, th' impatient child,
 Delighted, eyed the feast, and smiled !

And now his sire selects a plum—
The largest there—with aspect bland ;
On tiptoe, with expectance dumb,
Ned reached his ready, dimpled hand ;

Mistaken boy !—slow rose the prize,
Till in his father's mouth it vanished !
And Ned beheld, with wondering eyes,
And felt his fond confiding banished.

But wilder, wider still they grew—
Those cloudless eyes,—as one by one,
The sweets, in swift succession, flew
Where fled the first, till half were gone !

Poor Ned had half a mind to cry,
And still another half to smile ;
So, with a sweet philosophy,
He chose the happiest half the while,
And lifting up his pleasant eyes,
With glance demure, and sly, and wise,
And wrinkling his soft brow of snow,
Was not his self-command a virtue ?
Said, in a tone of comic woe,—
“ Dear father ! I'm afraid they'll hurt you !”

The father caught him to his breast,
And on his lips fond kisses prest,—
I'll warrant, Edward thought them sweet
As any plum he e'er did eat!
Yet whispered, with a smothered laugh,—
“ Pray is it mine—the other half?”
“ It is !”—'twas scarcely said before
The boy had seized the precious store,
And flew to find his sister Jane,
To share with her his well-earned gain.

Dear children, learn the moral,—Many a slip
May be between the sugar and the lip;
But he, the sugar never need to miss
Who bears his loss with temper sweet as this!

LITTLE CHARLIE'S PARADISE.

MAMMA, since Heaven's a place so fair,
Why do we not our voyage begin?
But shall I gather violets there,
And will they let dear Rover in?

ON A LITTLE OLD SHOE, SENT AS A MEASURE
FOR A NEW PAIR.

THE trunk had come,—we crowded round,
With joy received our toys ;
The cap, “ a gift for mother,” found,
And bonbons for the boys.

While father with a patient “ hum”
The letters did unwrap,
Sly Lizzie stole a sugar-plum,
And mother kissed the cap !

But one thing, more than all the rest,
Did sweetly speak of you,
And in my very heart I blessed
Your little worn-out shoe !

Was it your dancing shoe you sent,—
A victim to the Graces ?
The very holes were eloquent,
They gaped before our faces,—

And spoke of restless joy, and in
Our gladdened hearts we knew,
How busy the dear foot had been,
That wore that little shoe !

They told of many an errand done,
To please a mother kind ;
They told of childhood's " love of fun,"
They spoke an active mind.

I've worn the helm a hero wore,—
I've saved a sage's line,—
And precious fragments from the shore
Of glorious Greece are mine !—

I've kissed the gems that decked the breast
Of Europe's saddest queen ;
But ne'er was relic yet caressed,
Like our old shoe I ween !

The slipper Cinderella wore,
So worshipped by her wooers,
Was never prized or cherished more
Than this dear one of yours !

And when I'd read the letter o'er,
And looked the papers through,
And praised the cap,—I turned once more
To kiss the little shoe !

A CHILD'S THOUGHT ABOUT THE MOON.

THE child had seen the silver ring,
Fair Dian floats in, filled with light,
And tried to reach the radiant thing,
And loved its smile, so softly bright.

But now the wanderer, in her wane,
Grew faint within that graceful car ;
And the child gazed on Heaven again,
And saw the crescent shine afar !

With plaintive voice, her thought was spoken,
“ Oh dear ! the pretty moon is broken ! ”

A MOTHER'S WISH.

" WHAT shall I bring to thee, mother mine ?
 What shall I bring to thee ?
 Shall I bring thee jewels, that burn and shine
 In the depths of the darkling sea ?

" Shall I bring the garland a hero wears,
 By a wondering world entwined,
 Whose leaves can cover a thousand cares,
 And smile o'er a clouded mind ?

" Shall I bring thee deep and sacred stores
 Of knowledge the high and free,
 That thrills the heart on the hallowed shores
 Of classic Italy ?"

" What are jewels, my boy, to me ?
 Thou art the gem I prize !
 And the richest spot in that fearful sea
 Will be where thy vessel flies !

“ The wreath the hero loves is won
By the life-blood of the brave!
And his brow must lose, ere it wear the crown,
The smile that Mercy gave!

“ Dearly earned is the volume’s wealth
That opes to the lamp of night,
While the purer ray of Hope and Health
Goes out by the sickly light!

“ Bring me that innocent brow, my child,
Bring me that eloquent eye,
Bring me the tenderness, true and mild,
That breathes in thy last good bye!”

TO LITTLE FANNY,—WITH A NEW-YEAR’S GIFT.

I WILL not wish thy coming year
May pass unsullied by a tear;
For well I know, in baby-eyes,
Those pearly pleaders daily rise.

I dare not hope thy lip of rose,
 May never curl with grief or scorn,
 For well I know this life has woes,
 Not e'en by babies to be borne.
 Nor would I idly quell thy hopes,
 Nor sing with raven note to thee;
 But Destiny her volume opes,
 And on the page thy name I see.

It tells—thy dearest toy will break!
 It tells—thy prettiest dress will tear!
 It tells, alas! that thou wilt take
 A cold,—and cry for mother's care.
 That oft thou'lt sob thyself to sleep,
 No lullaby be nigh to soothe,
 And oft wilt wake to watch and weep,
 At parting day, or coming tooth.
 That sometimes thou wilt vainly play
 Thy Pat-a-cake,—or Peep-a-boo!
 While mother,—sister,—turn away
 Unheeding, from those eyes of blue.
 It darkly hints thy tiny feet
 That tottle proudly round the room,
 Some wrinkle in the rug may meet,
 And many a tumble be thy doom!

Yes, these are ills that all must bear,
And these are thine, devoted child !
Yet 'mid them, dearest, calmly wear
A stoic spirit, high and mild.
And should thy sister, or thy brother,
Cry o'er thy fall with mocking air ;
That's right ! jump up, and take another,—
Learn thou the martyr's lesson there,—
The tumble and the taunt to meet
With smile resigned, forbearing, sweet.
Life's smoothest path has wrinkles too ;
And Pride, that deigns no downward look,
Too oft, and ah ! too late, must rue
The fall it knows not how to brook !

And now, one simple prayer be mine,
To breathe for thee, my pretty pet !—
That smiles more oft than tears may shine
Beneath my gift—the silken net ;
That all thy ways on earth may be
Soft as that fireside rug to thee.
As meekly gliding one by one,
Pale through the glowing clouds of even,
The stars peep forth at set of sun,
And smile with tranquil light in Heaven,—

So may thy little pearly teeth
 With soft and painless motion come,
And starlike, smile, revealed beneath
 Thy laughing lips and rosy gum.
As sweet in Persia's garden floats
 The night-bird's voice of music low,
While soothed to slumber by his notes
 His rose-bud bends her balmy brow,—
So may the voice most dear to thee,
 Beside thy couch at evening be ;
So lightly yielding to thy rest,
 Like Iran's Rose, may'st thou be blest.
And oh ! may rapture swell the notes,
 When thine own spirit sings thee, love,
To thy last sleep, then warbling floats,
 Like Persia's heaven-taught bird above ;
And thus, although thy future years
 May pass not " all undimmed by tears,"
Thou'lt wear that spirit high but mild,
 Amid the fleeting clouds, fair child !

The following, as well as several others in this Collection, was composed when the Author was fourteen years of age.

TO CAMILLE.

I WILL not wish that Rapture's beam,
May ever light that laughing eye;
But, dear Camille, should every gleam
Of youthful pleasure fade and die:
May Faith, with purer, holier power,
Lend thee her light in Sorrow's hour.

I cannot pray the dimpling glow
Upon thy cheek may ever play:
The prayer were vain—for Care, I know,
Will chase each rosy smile away.
But I do pray, when fades its bloom,
That Love may light it to the tomb.

I may not hope thy happy heart,
Will never know Affliction's blight,
But when its radiant dreams depart,
And Hope's fair wings unfurl for flight:
Oh! track the wanderer to the sky,
And rest that wearied heart on high.

WHY WILL A ROSE-BUD BLOW?

I wish the bud would never blow,
'Tis prettier and purer so ;
It blushes through its bower of green,
And peeps above the mossy screen
So timidly, I cannot bear
To have it open to the air.
I kissed it o'er and o'er again,
As if my kisses were a chain,
To close the quivering leaflets fast,
And make for once—a rose-bud last !
But kisses are but feeble links
For changeful things, like flowers, methinks ;
The wayward rose leaves one by one,
Uncurled and looked up to the sun,
With their sweet flushes fainter growing,
I could not keep my bud from blowing !
Ah ! there upon my hand it lay,
And faded, faded fast away ;
You might have thought you heard it sighing,
It looked so mournfully in dying.

I wish it were a rose-bud now,
I wish 'twere only hiding yet,
With timid grace its blushing brow,
Behind the green that sheltered it.
I had not written were it so,
Why would the silly rose-bud blow?

FANNY'S ERROR.

FANNY shuts her smiling eyes,
Then, because she cannot see;
Thoughtless simpleton! she cries,
" Ah! you can't see me!"

Fanny's like the sinner vain,
Who with spirit shut and dim,
Thinks because he sees not Heaven,
Heaven cannot see him!

WILLY'S LAMENT FOR HIS NONPAREIL.

My bird ! my beautiful and bright,
 My present from the sunny South !
 Dear Anna sent him laden light,
 With kisses from her own sweet mouth.
 I stole them from him in my play,
 And has he, truly, flown away ?

My bird ! all brilliant colours lent
 Their glory to his glossy wings,
 And with a changeful lustre, blent
 Around his throat in radiant rings.
 I called him Rainbow in my play,
 And, rainbow-like, he's flown away !

My bird ! my own beloved bird !
 His carol seemed more sweet and clear,
 Than any I have ever heard,
 Save her's who sent the warbler here.
 I thought he loved my gentle play,
 He did not—for he's flown away !

And Anna, when the tale she hears,
Her little heart will heave with woe,
Her large soft eyes will fill with tears,
And she will think I let him go :
I, who have mourned his loss all day,
And wept because he went away !

His cage was light, and large, I'm sure,
And all his seeds were good to eat ;
And fresh the water was, and pure,
In which he washed his playful feet.
And then he seemed so fond and gay,
I can't think why he went away.

How much I miss his sunrise song,
His pretty bill, his glancing eye,
I think of them the whole day long,
And every time I speak, I sigh :
I do not love to laugh and play,
When faithless Rainbow's flown away.

THE CHILD'S GIFT.

A FACT.

A CHILD beside a window stood,
A merry child, in smiling mood ;
A little boy went slowly by,
A beggar boy, with pleading eye !

Why did the sweet girl's sunny face
A sudden cloud of sorrow wear ?
She marked the beggar's lingering pace,
Alas ! those baby feet were bare !

She glanced a moment at her own,—
Her pretty shoes were bright and new,—
A quick, glad thought, like sunlight, shone
The trembling tears of Pity through !

'Twas done, as soon as thought,—she bent,
Her soul on her sweet task intent,
Drew off the shoes with eager joy,
And flung them to the beggar boy !

ORDINATION HYMN.

WHILE peals, through Heaven's resplendent air,
The solemn and unfaltering hymn,
From blissful myriads meeting there,
Thy Cherubim and Seraphim !

On earth ! oh God ! a feebler strain,
Thy frailer children humbly raise ;
Yet, blest as Heaven's, if Thou but deign
To hear the voice of prayer and praise !

The voice of praise,—thy hand divine,
A lamp, to guide our feet hath given ;
The voice of prayer,—that it may shine,
Pure o'er the path to Thee and Heaven !

And when its fires shall fail in death,
Oh ! source of glory may it rise !
And, re-illuminated by thy breath,
Shine forth,—a star,—beyond the skies !

THE WARNING.

AFFECTION my pathway with roses was wreathing,
They whispered—"To-morrow will banish their
bloom ;"

Fair Hope in my ear a sweet burden was breathing,
They said—" 'Twill be hushed in Reality's gloom!"

A day-dream of joy in my young heart was glow-
ing—

"Alas !" said the warner, "not long will it shine!"
Gay fairy-like Fancy, the future was showing,—
"The vision," they murmured, "is false as divine!"

Ah! if love and life be but a dream, a delusion,
And the cold future bright but in Fancy's glad eye;
Still, still let me live in the blessed illusion,
And, trusting the falsehood, hope on till I die!

TO JESSIE, IN SCOTLAND.

AH ! Jessie ! how I envy thee !
Thou dwellest 'mang the mountains,
'Mid breezes pure as thou canst be,
And lochs and laughing fountains !

I would I were beside thee there,
My brow to free winds baring,
To scale dear Scotland's rocky heights,
Wi' foot o' fearless daring.

I would I had a highland home,
Wi' simple comforts smiling,
Where those I luvè alone could come,
The canny hours beguiling.

The wimpling burn should lave my feet,
I'd seek the sunny brae ;
I'd braid my hair wi' gowans sweet,
And bless the lee-lang day.

Alas ! condemned, wi' heart o' care,
 To London's crowded street ;
 The thought o' highland sun and air,
 Fu' oft will gar me greet !

A MAY-DAY SONG.

YOUNG queen ! thy votaries round thee bow,
 Oh ! take the gift we bring ;
 Meet offering for a lovely brow,
 The loveliest flowers of Spring.

See, Lilies ! see ! the sun awakes
 With glory in his eye ;
 For thee, our fairy queen, he shakes
 His golden hair on high.

On bud and blossom, shrub and tree,
 The beaming dewdrops play ;
 And fresh and sweet the wreath will be,
 That crowns thee queen of May.

We've pulled the purest, brightest flowers,
For one as pure and bright;
Oh! never task was gay as ours,
And never toil so light.

Thy image, at that pleasant task,
Was in our hearts the while;
And now the guerdon that we ask
Shall be thy sunny smile.

Queen of our hearts, thy votaries bow,
Oh! take the garland gay;
Bend, Lilies, bend thy laughing brow,
We crown thee queen of May.

LITTLE MARY'S "RUSE DE GUERRE."

"OH! give it, give it to me, Jane!
It was a gift from mother!
I would not change my darling chain,
Oh! no—for any other!"

'Twas thus I heard our Mary say,—
 A little, timid girl,—
 When naughty Jane had snatched away
 Her precious string of pearl.

The tyrant lifted high the chain,
 Which Mary tiptoe tried,
 And tired her tiny arm, in vain,
 To reach, and Jane replied,—
 “ There, you shall have it, child, if you
 Will say just what I tell you to.”

And thoughtless Mary said, “ I will !”
 Too good herself to dream of ill ;
 “ Will you ?” cried Jane, exultingly,—
 “ Then say—you’ll give the pearls to me !”

A moment, frightened and subdued,
 The artless child in silence stood ;
 A shadow filled her guileless eyes,
 And low her faltering voice replies,—
 “ I must not break my word, and yet—
 I cannot—cannot part with it !”—

“ Oh stop ! I know ! ”—the shadow fled,
Our darling raised her pretty head,—
Shook from her temples, white and fair,
The careless curls that clustered there,—
Held out her dimpled hand, and said,
With smile and tone of roguish glee,
“ Yes, Jane,—‘ You’ll give the pearls to me.’
Now let me have my necklace—do !—
I said just what you told me to ! ”

TO A BEAUTY.

BEAUTIFUL, yes ! but the blush will fade,
The light grow dim which the blue eyes wear ;
The gloss will vanish from curl and braid,
And the sunbeam die in the waving hair.
Turn from the mirror, and strive to win
Treasures of loveliness still to last ;
Gather earth’s glory and bloom within,
That the soul may be bright when youth is past.

TO JANE.

Written in her Album, beneath a Picture of a Dove at a Fountain.

THE wild-dove, to the garden spring,
May come and lave its wandering wing,
And bend above the waters bright,
And murmur with a dove's delight ;
But holier, in the solitude,
Her own pure fountain of the wood,
That blessed home,—that shadowed nest,
Where soft and calm her dear ones rest !
And flinging, from her pinions fair,
The silver drops that linger there ;
The bird will leave the garden-spring,
And wave for home her weary wing.
And thus for thee, in haunts of light,
The stream of Joy will sparkle bright,
And thou wilt stay thy step and sip
The fairy draught, with smiling lip ;
And linger long amid the flowers,
That gaily wreath in Pleasure's bowers.

And thou wilt weary like the dove,
And turn thee from the wave away,
To that fair fount of Truth and Love,
That springs within thy home for aye!
Oh! calm and blest be there thy rest,
As the wild bird's in woodland nest!

TO A FRIEND,—WITH A BOOK.

Not as a token of my love,—
For countless offerings, light as this,
Can never tell thee half its high
And holy tenderness!

Not as a gift of gratitude,—
A world's wealth could not guerdon thee,
For the divine, deep wealth of heart,
Thou lavishest on me!

But as a simple souvenir,
Of one, who proudly calls thee friend,
Appealing to thy memory,
The little book I send.

THE FLOWER PLAY.

How soon a bright and happy child
 Will catch our playful tone;
 And glad to have a frolic wild,
 Match our mirth with her own!

I said to Anna once—" Good night,
 My precious Mignonette!"
 And she replied, with quick delight,
 " Good night, my Violet!"

I tried again, " Good night, my Pink,
 My Jessamine, my Laurel!"
 She pressed her lip,—“ I cannot think—
 Oh! yes—Good night, my Sorrel."

Once more I spoke, in pleased surprise,
 " Good night, my little Fox-glove!
 She answered me, with laughing eyes,—
 " Good night, my piece of Box, love!"

I thought to tire her baby-brain,
But no ! she'd not give up,—
“ Good night, my Rose ! ” she laughed again—
“ Good night, my Buttercup ! ”

But little versed in Flora's lore,
Is Anna,—yet an hour
She racked her infant mind for more,
And gave me flower for flower !

Weary at last, she sighed out, while
Her brow began to wrinkle,
With desperate tone and sleepy smile,
“ Good night,—my Periwinkle ! ”

IMPROMPTU AT SEA.

BUT two events dispel ennui,
In our Atlantic trip ;—
Sometimes, alas ! we ship a sea,
And sometimes—see a ship !

A SKETCH.

WE had sat,
Day after day, my gentle friend and I,
On the rude door-step of the pleasant cottage ;
And all the time, the blessed smile of Heaven
Was stealing to our hearts, and filling them
With its own silent gladness. We had heard
The last warm, fragrant sigh of parting Summer—
The last light rustle of her lovely robe,
That fluttered in the Autumn-breeze, before
The lingerer spread her bright, unwilling wings :
We saw her sunny glances fade away
From the fair meadows she so seemed to love,—
The graceful wooded hills and streams, that laugh'd
Like light, beneath the glory of her eye.
Thus Fancy taught us then to gaze and listen,
For Fancy is a fairy, that can hear,
Ever, the melody of Nature's voice,
And see all lovely visions that she will.
She drew a picture of a beauteous bird,
With plumes of radiant green and gold inwoven,
Banished from its beloved resting-place,

And fluttering, in vain hope, from tree to tree,
And bade us think, how like it, the sweet season
From one bright shelter to another fled :
First, from the maple waved her emerald pinions,
But lingered still upon the oak and elm,
Till, frightened by rude breezes, even from them,
With mournful sigh, she moan'd her sad farewell!
And now came Autumn, like a gorgeous king,
With mantle many-hued, of changeful light,
And golden crown—the harvest-moon his sceptre.
No more we sat, as we were wont, at eve,
On the rude door-step of the pleasant cottage,
For all too frail as yet the trembling rose,
Fanned by the breath of Summer into life,
On Anna's cheek—that cheek so pale of late !
Fondly we nursed the flower, and dared not let
The voice of Autumn whisper to our treasure
Too rudely, lest he'd scare that bloom away :
Yet gay within the evening went, and oft
Our circle parted for another friend—
Another voice our pleasant converse joined.

I wish I could recal, in his own words,
A story told by one, who sometimes came :
He had been wandering in a wood at sunset ;

Two little, careless girls, just come from school,
Were standing mute beside a silent stream ;
The eldest looked, with deep blue eyes, intent
Upon her graceful work—an oak-leaf wreath,
On which her little fingers glanced like snow,
While rapidly the pliant stems she twined,
A chain of glowing tints—crimson and brown,
And green and clouded gold—a brilliant toy !
And wreathed around her white, unshadowed
forehead

Just such another rich-leafed coronal,
Mingled its rude and changeful beauty there
With sunny, curling clusters of light hair,
That lay in wild waves on her neck and cheek ;
The other watched the garland as it grew,
In patient joy and with a waiting smile,
For well she knew 'twas for her own sweet brow.
Meanwhile, the sun hung lingering o'er the scene,
As if he loved to look on loveliness !
And in the clear, still stream, with radiant pencil,
Pictured the pretty creatures as they stood !
Careless, unconscious, silent with delight,
Their small straw bonnets flung among the leaves,
And they, unheeding of the parting day,
Thinking of nothing but their own sweet play !

FRAGMENT OF A FAIRY ROMANCE.

MARY, did you ever hear
Of the frolic fairies, dear ?
They're a little, blessed race,
Peeping up in Fancy's face,
In the valley, on the hill,
By the fountain and the rill ;
Laughing out between the leaves
That the loving Summer weaves ;
Sailing in a nut-shell, set
Down a tiny rivulet,
With a rose-leaf for a sail,
Swelling to the mimic gale ;
Riding on a humming-bird,
Guiding him with magic word ;
Struggling with a butterfly,
On a blossom fresh and fair,
With a laughing lip and eye,
For the clearest dew-drop there ;

Eating from its honey-cup
All the poor bee's breakfast up ;
Hiding in the sunny sheaf,
Sleeping on a lily leaf,
Dancing ever on the moss
That doth wear the greenest gloss,
With their little lightning feet,—
Did you ever see them, sweet ?
Waving soft their balmy wings
O'er the infant's slumber meek,
Circling it in airy rings,
Breathing roses on its cheek ;
Well they love their watch to keep
O'er all pure and guileless things—
Gentle children—happy flowers—
Singing to them in their sleep,
Through the holy starlight hours
Smiling still their beds above,—
Did you ever feel them, love ?
Did you ever, dearest ? No ?
Do not look in sorrow so,—
Hear the story, Mary mine,
Of the fairy Rosoline ;

Such her pretty name, because,
Keeper of the Rose she was ;—
Her's to watch the blushing flower,
Fan it in the noontide hour,
Bid the lazy zephyr fly,
Lest her drooping charge should die,
And with murmured elfin-charm
Save it from the insect's harm.
Once, in pleasant moonlight weather,
Lots of fairies met together,—
Busy creatures ! what a bustle !
How their silken winglets rustle !
How their tongues, so tiny, rattle
With their low, melodious prattle !
How the rovers come and go
“ On the light, fantastic toe !”
You'd have thought a bee was there,
Buzzing in the balmy air !
Pleased to see its starlight track,
One climbed up a glow-worm's back !
One within her golden hair
Wreathed a row of feathers rare,
Borrowed, with imploring eye,
From a beaming butterfly !

Two, that loved to play see-saw,
On a pebble laid a straw ;
But another roguish one,
Fully bent on fairy fun,
Crept behind them while at play,
And the pebble pulled away ;
How the stones, for minutes after,
Echoed to their silvery laughter !
One, from off the slippery straw,
Straight into a raindrop fell,
Soaked her pretty pinions well ;
While her wiser playmate saw
How things went,—and so the elf,
Spread her wings and saved herself ;
But the loveliest of the throng,
And the merriest, Mary mine,
Was the heroine of my song,
Was the fairy Rosoline !
Hidden in her favorite rose,
Rocking when the zephyr chose ;
There she lay and bubbles blew,
With a tulip's pistil fine,
Dipping in a drop of dew,
While each circle as it flew,

Wore that tiny form's reflection,
Resting in her flower's protection.
She had seen the day before,
Children by a cottage door,
She had watched them fling in play,
Bubbles to the sunset ray ;
And had kept the secret sweet,
Till the fairy band should meet.
Well ! the others saw the bubble,
And exclaimed in pleasant trouble,
" What a beautiful balloon !
Is she going to the moon ?
Sure the form is Rosoline's,
That within the crystal shines ;
Ah ! 'tis broken in the air,
And no shining form is there !
Fell she in the blossom bright ?
Yes ! from out the rose's heart,
Bearing still that shape of light,
See another circle start.
One by one they soar on high,
One by one they break and die ;
But each globe that rises there,
Doth the same bright image bear,

Rosoline upon her rose,
Rosoline in soft repose !
Now—ere one is burst, another
Follows fast its beaming brother :
Rare ! to see the wonders shine,
And in each a Rosoline !”
Suddenly a laugh, that stirred
All the rose’s leaves was heard ;—
When the fairies gathered round,
Wondering what the meaning should be,
Roguish Rosoline they found,
Quiet and demure as could be ;
With her pipe her lips below,
Ready for another blow.
Then the throng in accents gay,
One and all did freely say,
Rosoline out-fairied fairies,
With her beautiful vagaries.

LITTLE ELLEN’S PUN.

SHE raised a box—(a baby of two years !)
And smiling, cried—“ Shall Ellen box her ears ?”

"MY BUBBLE'S BURST—MY PIPE IS BROKEN!"

ONE eve, when Summer's rosiest hours,
To rich repose their Day-god drew;
I saw, half-hid, in smiling flowers,
A living blossom smiling too!
A being, pure, and wild, and fair,
As any rose-bud breathing there.

It was a little playful girl,
Her lips apart,—her blue eyes raised,
While soft through many a silken curl,
With eager joy they upwards gazed:
I turned, and rising clear and light,
A sun-lit bubble met my sight.

In changeful beauty for a while,
The rounded rainbow floated on,
Returned the sun's rich farewell smile,
Then trembled,—faded, and was gone!
My sad eyes sought the child once more,
And she was gazing as before.

While to her earnest brow and eye,
A shade of silent thought had crept,
But soon she started eagerly,
And glanced around—then wildly wept.
For wreathed with flowers—a mockery sweet,
Her pipe lay broken at her feet.

Delighted with the radiant toy,
That simple pipe had lightly given,
She'd flung it there in thoughtless joy,
To see her bubble rise to Heaven.
Low words stole forth—the first she'd spoken,
“My bubble's burst—my pipe is broken!”

Years came and went—the child had blushed
To deeper, lovelier bloom, and now,
A woman's soul the fair cheek flushed,
A woman's feeling lit the brow.
Again I saw that graceful head,
On downy pillows lightly laid.

Sweet dreams of holy Love, did fill
Her maiden heart with Heaven ;—but while
The rich glow deepened richer still,
The red lip wore a sunnier smile.

Her sleep was troubled—she awoke,
And the rose faded as she spoke.

The same bright eyes before me shone,
That watched the bubble soar on high,
And wildly sweet the thrilling tone
Of that soft evening hour went by.
And still, with tears her thought was spoken,
“ My dream hath fled—the spell is broken !”

“ Years came and went,” and left the trace
Of many a sorrow on her brow ;
But once again I saw that face,
Alas ! how sad its sweetness now !
Consumption nursed the hectic tinge,
Beneath her dark eye’s drooping fringe.

The breathing smile—once bright and warm,
With the rich dreams her heart had cherish’d,—
Had that too darkened in the storm,
Where bloom, and light, and joy had perished ?
Ah ! worn away with grief unspoken,
The smile was gone—the heart was broken !

